February 25, 1983
Volume XIII, Number 14

The Hamilton College
Spectator
Clinton, New York 13323

King's seminar to confront racism

Charles H. King, president of the Urban Crisis Center in Atlanta, Georgia, who has gained national acclaim for his unique affirmative action efforts, will conduct a seminar at Hamilton College on Saturday, February 26.

The seminar, sponsored by the Black and Latin Student Union and the Root-Jessup Public Affairs Council as part of Black History month, will be held in the Dwight Lounge of the Bristol Campus Center between 1-6 pm. General admission tickets are priced at $2.

King will work directly with 30 active participants. His goal is to get each to be completely honest about his or her feelings and attitudes towards racism. Facing one's prejudice is the first step to solving racism, maintains King.

King writes, "What most white educators cannot understand is that the traditional scope of white oriented educational processes create psychological barriers to blacks who have waded through the black experience. What most black educators do not face is the fact that beyond the black educational process is a white world; a world where opportunity for success and survival is more pronounced among the whites than it is among blacks."

"White institutions are inherently racist, not by design but in practice. The racism of whites cannot be perceived by them because racism by definition is the 'normal practices, customs and habits of a majority group that tends to disadvantage a minority group.' Thus, if blacks are to survive in white institutions, they must curtail their feelings, hurts and anguish by boxing themselves in, and accomodate themselves to whiteness," adds King.

Relying on several unusual techniques in his seminars, King openly victimizes and discriminates against whites, often screaming and cursing at participants to emphasize his points.

King has conducted these seminars for the last twelve years, working with over 130,000 participants. His efforts have been the subject of documentaries on NBC and CBS, and last year he conducted one of the race awareness seminars on the Phil Donahue show.

Tracing the Brazilian suffrage struggle

by Amy Biancolli

On the evening of Wednesday, February 23, Professor June Hahner of SUNY Albany lectured on "The Struggle for Women's Suffrage in Brazil" in the Red Pit. Her lecture outlined the sentiments behind the development of a women's movement on Brazil, and the political progress leading up to the final achievement of women's suffrage in 1934.

Beginning with the earliest roots of the Brazilian women's movement, Hahner primarily focussed on the intellectual and industrial atmosphere in late nineteenth century Brazil. Specifically, Brazilian cities were at that time undergoing radical changes; with the introduction of European technology such as railroads, steamships and telegraphs came a parallel advancement in communication and the inevitable emphasis on urban centers. In addition, the nineteenth century concept of progress also encompassed, for Brazilian women at least, an increased awareness of European developments and the possibility of higher education. As Brazilian women became more conscious of events in other parts of the world, Hahner explained, they began to consider the social and economic advantages which might accompany a more thorough education. "If women in other countries could attend institutes of higher education, then women in Brazil felt that they should also be able to."

Professor June Hahner **Menell**

As a result, the relatively small but increasing number of Brazilian women who sought education in Europe and the United States gained significance as "sources of inspiration." There was, however, "not yet a struggle — there was no communication, no 'political mesh.' " The main reason for this was due to a general lack of interest with regard to the vote. Thus, Hahner explained, the important issue was boosting public interest in the vote as a whole. "What if it were more important in general? If the vote becomes more important for men, than it does for women, too."

The main impetus behind such a boost came from two sources: the increasingly active political climate which accompanied the improving literacy of Brazilian men and women, and the dissolution of the Brazilian

continued on page 3

Inside

Woollcott p.5

Rinaldo p.7

etcetera pgs. 9-12

sports pgs. 15-17

News beyond College Hill

E.P.A. Scandal

President Reagan permitted the release of controversial Environmental Protection Agency documents to Congressional subcommittees on Friday, February 18. The subcommittees had requested access to the papers in December when investigations revealed incomplete records concerning E.P.A. actions.

Reagan had exercised executive privilege when he ordered E.P.A. chief Anne M. Gorsuch to withhold the documents. He agreed to their release on the condition that contempt of Congress charges against Gorsuch be dropped.

An audit by E.P.A. Inspector General Matthew N. Novick had revealed that no documentation of $53.6 million of the agency's year-long expenditure of $180.7 million existed. The E.P.A. claims that they utilized these funds for the toxic waste clean-up program, but they cannot produce any evidence. Novick also stated that the E.P.A. did not carry out last year's recommendations to improve their programs, but an agency spokesman disputed this claim.

Mondale announces candidacy

Walter F. Mondale announced his candidacy in the 1984 presidential election on Monday, February 21. The former vice-president under President Jimmy Carter currently leads the Gallup and Harris polls concerning the Democratic presidential contestants.

Mondale stated many of his goals during his announcement speech. He feels that the U.S. should engage in negotiations with the Soviet Union concerning arms control and a nuclear freeze and that education should emphasize the basic skills of reading and mathematics and science. Mondale joins Sen. Alan Cranston of California and Sen. Gary Hart of Colorado in the presidential race.

P.L.O. decisions

The Palestine National Council announced on February 21 that they will not accept Reagan's proposed Middle East plan. They did not totally reject the plan thus allowing PLO chairman Yasir Arafat room to negotiate.

Reagan's plan, released on September 1, 1982, provided for the creation of a self-governing Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza strip adjacent to Jordan. The council has prepared the following statement explaining their decisions:

"The Reagan plan in substance does not satisfy the inalienable national rights of the Palestinian people as it denies them the right to self-determination and the establishment of an independent Palestinian state in Palestine.

"The Reagan plan also does not recognize the P.L.O. as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. This Reagan plan, which is in contradiction of international legality, is not acceptable to the P.N.C. as a sound basis for a just solution of the Palestinian problem and the Arab-Israeli conflict."

The council also concluded that King Hussein of Jordan will not enter into negotiations without P.L.O. clearance, that they will increase their communications with non-Zionist Israelis, and that they will unite their guerrilla armies presently scattered throughout eight Arab countries.

Awacs planes in Egypt

President Reagan claims that the four Awacs planes sent to Egypt on Wednesday, February 16 will perform "training exercises." Other sources revealed the possibility of their utilization in the Libyan-Sudanese affair.

Libya recently moved their fighter planes closer to the Sudan border where tension has been mounting. Egypt, a Sudanese ally, requested that the U.S. send the planes as they felt threatened by Libya's actions. Reagan denies these allegations, although other reports conflict with his statements.

News on other campuses

Trinity frats abolished?

A faculty committee at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut has requested the abolition of the school's five fraternities and two sororities. The committee voted 69 to 33 to phase out the organizations during the next three years and to immediately prohibit rushing and pledging. They await the decision of a trustee committee and Trinity president James F. English.

The college formed the faculty committee in May of 1981 when a Hartford woman charged four fraternity members with sexual assault. The college placed the house on one year's probation but could find no proof of the brothers' guilt.

Colby frats go to court

Colby College fraternities will go to court on March 1 hoping to obtain a property tax exemption. They have charged the town of Waterville, Maine with acting unconstitutionally.

Maine law states that all fraternal organizations except those of colleges are exempt from property taxes. The fraternities feel that this restriction violates the Constitution. They also believe that the 1980 assessments placed too high a value on the houses. The town previously had not taxed the fraternities but have since begun adhering to the state law. If the court sides with the fraternities, the result will affect all of the colleges in Maine.

Amherst president dies at 58

Julian H. Gibbs, president of Amherst College since 1979, died of a heart attack while skiing on Sunday, February 20 at age 58. President Gibbs had graduated from Amherst in 1947 and received his doctorate in physical chemistry at Princeton. He taught chemistry at Brown University before accepting the Amherst presidency.

Bowdoin attempts hiring program

The Bowdoin College alumni have begun programs to aid graduates in finding employment. They have instituted an Advisory Network in New York City in which they will encourage companies to hire Bowdoin graduates. If this program proves to be successful, it will expand to other cities. Alumni will also help students to locate internships and summer jobs.

Member Professional Picture Framers Association

CLINTON FRAME SHOP

POSTERS
FRATERNITY COMPOSITES
ALL ARTWORKS

Dugway Rd.
Clinton, NY
853-6598

(Right at light at bottom of hill, to end of Rte. 233.
Left on Rte. 12B to first road on right
Then first house on right!)
1-5 Mon-Fri 10-4 Sat
Evenings by Appointment

The Spectator *is published every Friday while classes are in session by the Hamilton College Publications Board. Second-class postage paid at Clinton, New York 13323. Publication number: USPS 612-840. $10 per year by subscription.*

POSTMASTER: *Send address changes to* The Spectator, *Hamilton College, Clinton, New York 13323.*

Good times offer:

Fourteen oz. glass mug for sale. It's the two-fisted way to drink to good times and salute your great taste in drinks. Why not start a collection? Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order for $4.95 per mug (no cash please) to: Seagram's 7 Crown Mug Offer, P.O. Box 1622, New York, N.Y. 10152

Name_____ (Please Print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Specify quantity_____ **Amount enclosed $**_____
Offer expires January 31, 1984. No purchase necessary. HALC24
New York residents add 8.25% sales tax.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for shipment.

Seagram's 7

© 1982 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF. "Seven-Up" and "7UP" are trademarks of the Seven-Up Company

Ditch-digging would be easier

by Elizabeth Finegan

In the next few weeks, my goal is to get to know you and, hopefully, to get you to know me. They call us a Newman Community. By praying, playing and working together *we can create that community here on the Hill. Let's do it!!*

In peace,
Father Croghan
— Newman Notes, Sept. 24, 1982

John Patrick Michael Croghan — red-headed, blue-eyed, first-generation Irishman — and the new Catholic chaplain at Hamilton College. Father Croghan was born in Ireland and grew up in Utica. After graduating from Notre Dame High School, he attended Wadhams Hall Seminary College in Ogdensburg and continued his religious training at St. Bernard's in Rochester. Ordained in 1975, he spent five years at St. Margaret's in Mattydale, first as associate and later as co-pastor. In 1980 he transferred to Our Lady of Sorrows in Vestal, remaining there until he was appointed to his positions at Hamilton College and at St. Mary's in Clinton.

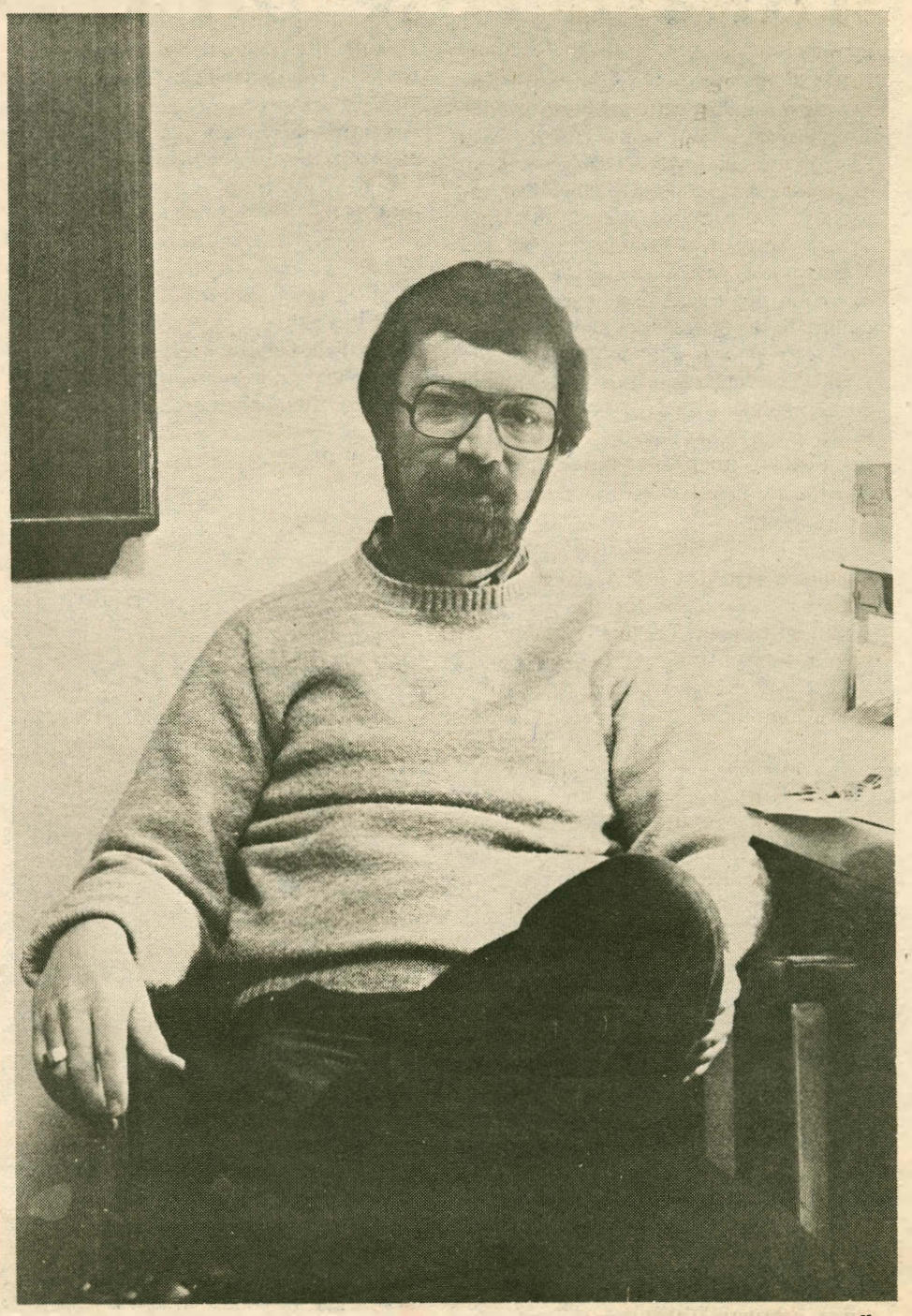
When asked his reasons for entering the priesthood, Croghan explained that the idea had been brewing in his mind on and off throughout his school days. However, he did not make the final decision until his junior year in high school. "A lot of people were doubtful about my decision. . . most of all me. I think my family was happy and supportive, though. It was something I chose; I wasn't forced into it."

Croghan's main goal at Hamilton is to enhance the Newman Community in order for the Catholic population on campus to feel comfortable worshipping and interacting together. He guesses that there are approximately 150 practicing Catholics on campus and another 150 others who do not regularly attend Mass. Thus, he is striving to achieve a higher awareness within the Catholic community. "Attending Mass does not necessarily make one a good Catholic. One has to work toward influencing both the society and the lives of others."

The Newman Mass differs from other Catholic Masses in that it is a bit more relaxed. Says Croghan, "It's really the same Mass, but you're working with a different set of people. You can get more of a community feeling."

On the whole, Croghan is impressed with the religion department at Hamilton: "I find the people very nice, and they're very sharp. Jeff Eaton's been a real help to me," although, if possible, he would make some changes. "Something I'd like to see is an area where the religion department and religions could be together, like a center. It would be nice if we could get everybody in one general area," he said.

Although Croghan finds the priesthood rewarding, he claims that there are times when "ditch digging would be easier." But, he concludes, "all in all I'm happy doing what I'm doing. I'm happy where I am. I'm here to help people in their journey to God. Hopefully I can do that."



Father John Croghan **Menell**

Tutors aid Utica

by Christa Santangelo

A huddled mass of tired students gather outside the mail center waiting for the van. Some squabble about the history test they should be studying for and others complain of post-Commons nausea. But, they all have one thing in common: a social conscience which compells them to venture beyond the immediate environs of the Hill.

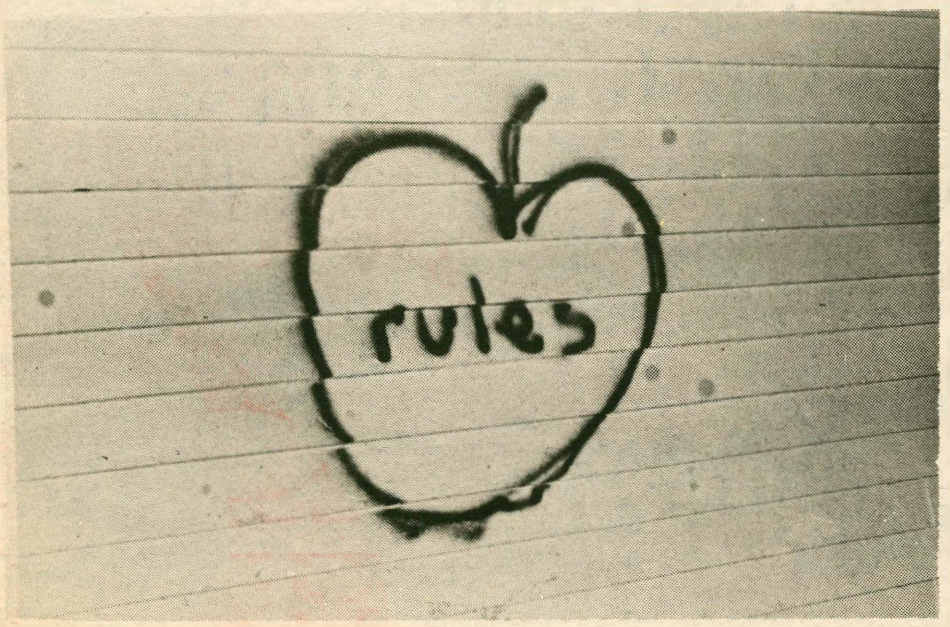
Every Thursday night from 6-8 pm, 65 devoted students travel to Utica to participate in the Community Tutoring Program. The program attempts to provide tutoring, recreational diversion and companionship for children living in government-subsidized housing in Utica. The children, ranging in school years from the first to the sixth grades, are usually somewhat deficient in basic skills; therefore the time spent improving these skills in invaluable.

John Furman, the education coordinator, works with John MacAffer and Jennifer Mann, the co-directors, to create an atmosphere conducive to learning and one in which the tutors can foster an intimate relationship with their students. MacAffer has set some definite goals for this semester including "attainment of the ideal ratio: one tutor per child." He also hopes to "integrate certain educational themes into the program such as spelling bees, quizzes and skits." Finally, MacAffer is working to assure that "each child is given proper attention so that his/her learning difficulties are rectified and his/her study habits are developed."

Mann seems to focus less on the practical educational function of the program; instead, she emphasizes that the tutors offer children, who are often from broken homes, comfort, attention and friendship. Mann added, "It's nice to have a little kid hoping and waiting to see you again."

Jan Lindenthal, a dedicated participator in the project fall semester, felt motivated by the need to provide a service to others. Lindenthal saw the opportunity to tutor as a "good way to offer what I could to someone who could benefit from it."

Moreover, involvement in the program has proved rewarding to both the tutor and the child in the past. A unique bond is created and cultivated while helping a child to tell time, to ignore the silent 'e,' or just to be a friend.



What the hell is this? **Menell**

Suffrage struggle

continued from page 1

empire in 1889. Once the Brazilian Republic was established, the possibilities of taking advantage of the country's new political situation became clear — since the vote in theory was then extended to all literate males, it could as a result become important for literate females as well. Early Brazilian feminists at once recognized the opportunity for political progress, and in 1891, at the Congress to draft a new Constitution, the issue of women's suffrage was debated.

While the subject was discussed, Hahner was nonetheless quick to point out, opposition to the women's suffrage movement was quite vocal. In particular, she explained that "rather than attack women's intellectual capabilities, most opposed suffrage for the sake of the family. Opposition to women's suffrage was based on the supposed nobility, purity, and domesticity of women." Hahner also cited an extreme positivist view, which described women as forming "the moral part of society, the basis of the family which in turn was the cornerstone of the world. Womenkind as a whole was to be worshipped and set apart from the evil of the world." Thus higher education and suffrage for women was disputed for the sake of morality.

Despite the criticism, however, the main advance made in 1891 was that the issue had begun to be debated — "it wasn't just a joke." As a result, as more women acquired professions and became interested in the movement, a definite tactical pattern was being set; with Brazilian women in the early 20th century entering into not only the professions but obtaining fairly high level diplomatic positions as well, the movement began to focus on moderate political tactics, such as "buttonholing" individual male executives, and establishing foreign contacts. In addition, explained Hahner, the women's movement was distinctive in that it lacked political ties to any other group. "Women could not be relegated a women's section in a political party. . . you couldn't pigeonhole them in a larger party structure if there is no larger party structure."

In describing the twentieth century progress which led to the eventual achievement of suffrage for literate women, Hahner focussed on the work done by Brazilian pioneer Bertha Lutz. In addition to establishing the Brazilian Federation for Feminine Progress — an organization which is still in existence — Lutz also took advantage of a major power change which took place in 1930. As the "Old Republic" became the "New Republic," a new political regime was installed; and with the new political regime came the drafting of a new electoral code in 1932. Bertha Lutz and others took advantage of the new government, and focussed their efforts on persuading the new chief executive, Getulio Vargas, exclusively. Their efforts were successful, and in 1934 suffrage was obtained for all literate women.

In concludng her lecture, Hahner stressed the importance of men in the final achievement of women's suffrage. "The enfranchisement of women in Brazil depended on men, but they weren't simply handed the vote by a group of male leaders. . .they were neither radical in their goals nor militant in their actions."

Take a ride on UTA

by Beth Softness

If you find yourself forgetting that an outside world does exist and begin to think that everyone is between the ages of 17 and 25, then it is time to get off campus and out of Clinton. An inexpensive, convenient way to carry one back to reality is the Utica Transit Authority's Saturday bus service. Many students have welcomed the Saturday afternoon bus service from the Hamilton campus to the Sangertown mall, because it has provided them with mobility.

Hamilton had begun expressing interest in some sort of off-campus transportation to the Utica Transit Authority two years ago. Finally, during fall semester, the Transit Authority decided to test a new bus route from the Hill to the mall. The route is provided at the expense of the Utica Transit Authority; therefore it is not necessary for Hamilton to subsidize the service.

Initially the Utica Transit Authority instituted this new bus route on a 3-month trial basis. Because the service has been such a success, carrying upwards of 200 passengers each Saturday, the Utica Transit Authority has decided to continue (and may eventually expand) the service.

The bus service currently provided on Saturday afternoons arrives at the McEwen circle on the hour. The first bus leaves for the mall at 1:07 pm, and the last bus leaves at 6:07 pm. To return to campus, one must leave the mall seven minutes after the half-hour. Before proceeding to the mall, the buses stop in Clinton for the benefit of town residents. Mr. Posch, the afternoon dispatcher at the Utica Transit Authority, said that passengers may also transfer at Clinton or the mall if they need transportation to the center of Utica.

For suburbanites, who consider malls to be the core of civilization, the 65¢ fare is a veritable bargain. Feedback from students who have taken advantage of the bus service is positive. Freshwoman Meg Burch, a veteran, has taken the bus about six times. Because freshmen are not permitted to have cars on campus during first semester, Burch thinks the bus is particularly beneficial for members of her class; it provides them with a chance to get off campus. Kim Fox, a junior, "has no complaints," and pointed out that the bus is an "energy-saving phenomenon." A student advisor in Milbank, Candace Groskreutz, proclaimed, "I post the schedule on my door to be a more helpful advisor!" Another appreciative student, Michelle Smith finds the bus service to be "quite convenient. It is a blessing." An unidentified sophomore simply stated that the bus service is "our only link with the outside world."

ARA answers questions

by R.S. Simon

The Hamilton Food Service (ARA) answers questions here — questions asked by everyone, in every dining hall and especially by those people trying to escape. ARA seems ready to "spill the beans" on what has been going on in the kitchen and on the plates.

Here are a few questions; the answers were provided by Tom Brann, Director, ARA.

Q: Why can't I give my meal card to a friend to use if I know I'm not going to eat dinner?

A: Your meal plan rate (board rate) is based on a "participation percentage." In other words, we know from past experience of actual meals served, that you're going to miss some meals during the week, and have to take this into consideration in setting the board rate. So to help keep your rates as low as possible, hang onto your card!

Q: Why can't students use the Hub-Pub area for private parties during hours when it is closed?

A: Sounds OK to me. This is something that should be discussed with the Student Services Committee which has responsibility for student activities in the Bristol Campus Center and McEwen Coffeehouse. This committee meets every Monday at 2:30 pm in the Backus Room, Bristol Campus Center.

Q: Why do the veal cutlets and chicken cutlets always look alike?

A: Both products are made from 100 percent veal (or chicken) that is chopped and formed into the shape you see on the serving line. The meat is then covered with a seasoned bread coating which is what you see when it is served. Breading looks like breading, no matter what meat it is covering.

Q: Why is so much of my food dollar spent on decorations in the dining halls (e.g., banners, plants, signs)?

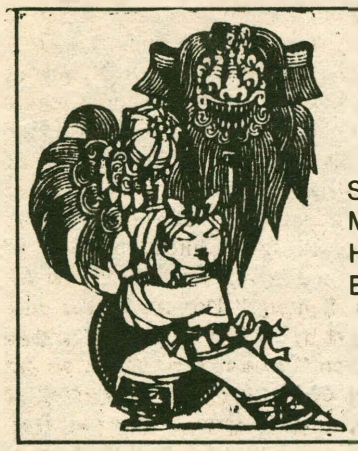
A: We believe that atmosphere is a very important aspect of dining on campus. Granted, the food must be of a good quality and served properly, but the surroundings in which you eat have a lot to do with your enjoyment of the food.

The money spent on these improvements comes out of a special budget for equipment replacement and is not being taken away from the food that you get on your plate. The actual dollar amount spent on these improvements averages out to be a little over one dollar per student per year.

Brann believes this forum will result in "promoting a better understanding of the Hamilton College Food Service and how it works." If there is something you want to ask, you should talk to Jody Speier and James Zeitlan, the Student Assembly appointed co-chairs of the Food Committee. The Food Committee meets every other Monday at 12 pm in KJ 222.

In recognition of their high academic achievement in fulfilling the purposes and goals of the College, the Epsilon Chapter of New York has elected the following members of the Class of 1983 to membership in Phi Beta Kappa:

Matthew A. Cartwright
Charles H. Chappell
Elizabeth A. Clayton
Ronald E. Femia
Joseph T. Flynn
David M. Gutstein
Joseph J. Lopez
Lisa A. Manz
James H. Morey
Randolph D. Moss
Jeffrey A. Rawlins
Benjamin M. Semple
Shu Kong So
Stephen J. Valone
Randall D. White



King Hwa
Chinese Restaurant
Open 7 Days

Serving
Mandarin (Peking)
Hunan-Szechwan Cuisine
Exotic Tropical Drinks

Lunch: 11:30-2:30
Dinner:
Mon-Thur. 5:00-9:00
Sun 12:00-9:00

Middle Settlement Road, New Hartford
For Reservations and Takeout call 724-8123

SYMEON'S

AUTHENTIC GREEK CUISINE
Everything Cooked Fresh
● Moussaka ● Greek Antipasto
● Gyros ● Souvlaki ● Spinach Pies
● Fish Fry ● Beer ● Wine

Open 7 Days
736-4074
4941 Commercial Drive
Yorkville

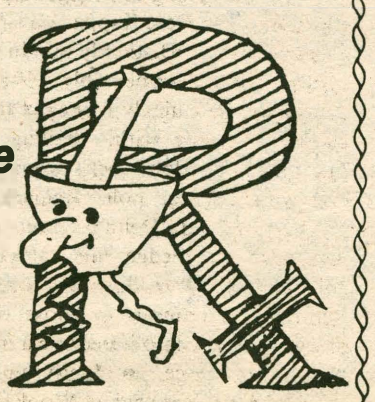
THE EARLY BIRD...
LSAT June 1983

*Classes in **UTICA** starting March 22.
305 Vine St. Liverpool, N.Y.
Those interested in this class, please call
Ron
859-4393
or
(315) 451-2970, collect

Stanley H. KAPLAN Educational Center
TEST PREPARATION SPECIALISTS SINCE 1938

*Classes with sufficient enrollment

Village Pharmacy
Quality ● Courtesy ● Service



19 College St.

Hamilton's "Fabulous Monster"

by Frank Lorenz

If one were to choose the most colorful character ever to graduate from Hamilton, Alexander Woollcott would be a leading contender for that dubious distinction. He is the subject of continuing fascination and, except for Ezra Pound, is our most talked-about and written-about alumnus. At least half a dozen books have been devoted to "Aleck," and virtually all the social histories of America in the era between the World Wars contain references to him. His name is found scattered through the pages of a vast number of biographies and reminiscences published over several decades. The central character of one of the classics of American stage comedy, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, is Woolcott thinly disguised, and in recent seasons, *Smart Aleck* was an off-Broadway production. Currently, a documentary is being prepared for television in which he figures prominently.

Alexander Woollcott's continuing hold on fame is remarkable considering that his books are no longer highly regarded or even read and his theater reviews and magazine columns are critically dismissed as lightweight journalism. At best they are still good for only a witty (or bitchy) quote or two. And his greatest impact in his own time was over radio's air waves, a highly evanescent medium. However, Woollcott's great achievement was not his work but his life as a "Fabulous Monster" who knew and insulted practically everyone who was anyone in his day. A self-created Public Personality, he collected celebrities the way others collect coins, and his fabled eccentricities and acerbic wit made him a legend not only in his own time but in ours as well. (Moral for Hamiltonians aspiring to fame: if your talents are limited but your personality overpowering and slightly insufferable, don't despair.)

The "real" Aleck, insofar as he can be discerned through all the obfuscation, possessed certain qualities that were positive and even attractive. The public lion was in fact a bit of a pussy cat. The generous side to his nature, which he zealously hid from view lest it ruin his image, manifested itself in secret benefactions. Several alumni owed their college educations to his financial help, and one, who later became a distinguished surgeon, had Aleck to thank for his medical training. Frode Jensen, who arrived in this country as a pennyless youth from Denmark and managed to struggle through four years at Hamilton during the Great Depression, attracked Woollcott's attention because he was not only bright and ambitious for a medical career but also wore the old school tie. Loyalty to Hamilton was one of Aleck's most endearing virtues and he had no patience with those who were not enlightened about its existence. He once informed an inquiring reporter that, "My own college was Hamilton, and if you tell me you never heard of it, you can go to hell." And you, dear reader, if you give the matter a minute's reflection, will perceive his to be the only sensible response to the kind of invincible ignorance that one still occasionally encounters today. As to Colgate, Woollcott was firmly convinced that it was "an institution maintained as a refuge for persons expelled from Hamilton." When he learned that a young protege of his, who happened to be the son of the President of China, had duly gone to "Pigskin Polytechnic" after being summarily booted off the Hill, he deplored it as "a fate more hideous than death." Luckily he did not live to see the vulgar expression "Ham Tech" gain currency. He would not have been amused.

Woollcott possessed not only redeeming virtues such as loyalty and generosity, but there was also something of substance in his work which has been lost sight of in the general preoccupation with his personality. His impact on popular taste throughout the twenties and thirties was not only considerable but in some respects unprecedented. As drama critic for *The New York Times*, he took the traditional form of the theater review, personalized and informed it with his own peculiar brand of integrity, helped free it from the corrupting influence of big advertisers such as the Shubert chain, and made it a powerful instrument for influencing public opinion. His innumerable magazine articles and columns, such as "Shouts and Murmurs" in the *New Yorker*, written in his uniquely chatty, anecdotal and sentimental style, had great popular appeal. Recycled in book form (when it came to making money, his motto was "waste not, want not"), those literary bits and pieces were stitched together to reach an even wider audience.

Frank Lorenz is Reference Librarian of the Burke Library at Hamilton College.

While Rome Burns remained on the best-seller list through 15 printings in 1934-35. Above all, Woollcott was one of the first to exploit effectively the new mass communications medium of radio. His talks on books and his intimate story telling as the "Town Crier" created a veritable Woollcott cult. His tastes and opinions were imposed upon a nationwide public who bought the books he praised as well as the products he sponsored. For example, because of the publicity he gave it, the Hamilton College Choir was for a time very nearly a national institution. It is frightening to think what he could have achieved with television at his disposal.

This strange and formidable man who possessed a massive ego and no sense of shame had, not surprisingly, an unusual childhood. He was born at the Phalanx, a nineteenth-century commune near Red Bank, New Jersey. His ne'er-do-well father was chronically absent from home. He grew up surrounded by women and developed interests and tastes that were deemed effeminate. His flair for the theatrical was early evident. In 1905, at age 18, he set off for College Hill only months after Ezra Pound had left the scene. (Perhaps it is just as well — the campus was really not big enough for both of them.) Woollcott chose Hamilton primarily because a friend of the family, who happened to be Elihu Root's nephew as well as an alumnus, had arranged for a scholarship. Academically, Aleck had smooth sailing in college and achieved election to Phi Beta Kappa. Socially, it was a rough voyage. Distinctly odd in voice and appearance and unbearably self-assured in demeanor, he quickly managed to alienate almost everyone within hailing distance. The Sigs and Alpha Delts wouldn't touch him with a barge pole. Remarkably, the brothers of Theta Delta Chi were somehow persuaded to pledge him, albeit with a notable lack of enthusiasm. There was a fountain on campus in those days, and throwing Aleck into it became a major outdoor sport. Once, an elderly alumnus encountered a water-soaked Woollcott on his way back to Carnegie to change clothes and solicitously inquired what Hamilton was preparing him to be when he went out into the world. "A fish, you damned old fool," was the legendary reply.

Woollcott, tormented bodily, responded in the only way he successfully could — with his mouth. He bravely taunted his tormentors and, although never winning a fight, gained a little grudging respect. When not defending his manhood, he cultivated his love for the stage. Founder of the Charlatans, he created some memorable roles for himself, including a paragon (or parody?) of womanhood, "Mabel, the Beautiful Shopgirl." Familiarly known as Putt (short for putrid), Woollcott gradually earned the acceptance of his classmates and, as a campus character, received in full measure the attention he so ardently craved. His Hamilton experience, far from embittering, left him with a life-long affection for this place. For you see, Aleck was truly a creature of paradox.

Shortly after graduation in 1909, Alexander Humphreys Woollcott descended upon the editor of *The New York Times* with a letter of recommendation in hand. It was signed by Samuel Hopkins Adams, '91, then a well-known journalist who had first encountered Aleck on campus "clad in excessively wrinkled and bagged trousers, a misshapen corduroy coat, grimy sneakers, and a red fez with a gilt tassel." After recovering from mild shock, Adams gave himself the opportunity to become acquainted with the young man and grew to appreciate his talents as editor of the *Hamilton Literary Magazine*. The letter of recommendation followed, Woollcott became a reporter for the *Times*, and the rest, as they say, is history.

In Manhattan, Aleck was in his element. There was Broadway theater and there were Broadway celebrities. There were also journalists and writers who, when assembled, outdid each other in cleverness and wit. Aleck assembled them around the fabled Algonquin Round Table. And soon his circle of friends included such diverse personages as Paul Robeson, Harpo Marx and Eleanor Roosevelt. With only a little encouragement from Eleanor, he was made to feel quite at home even in the White House. By the time of World War II, he was an international figure. A bitter foe of Fascism and every form of racial bigotry, he wholeheartedly championed Britain's cause against Nazi Germany. Overweight and afflicted with a heart condition, he maintained a grueling schedule made more urgent by his desire to serve the Allied war effort in any way possible.

On January 23, 1943, Woollcott was participating in a radio broadcast when he became ill. He died that evening. The front page of almost every newspaper in America noted his passing. At the memorial service held at Columbia University, Lloyd Paul Stryker, his college classmate and one of the great trial lawyers of that era, saluted him as "a passionate defender of good causes, the enemy of whited sepulchers, of hypocrisy and sham, who died with his boots on, fighting." Dorothy Parker once remarked that, "When Aleck dies, he'll go to Hamilton." And in fact, Woollcott did express his desire to be buried in the College cemetery, which he termed "The Last Dormitory." In a final twist of ironic fate, or perhaps it was the perverted sense of humor of the gods, the urn containing his ashes was shipped — to Colgate. His remains were then forwarded from Hamilton, New York, to Clinton — with 67 cents postage due. It is too bad that Aleck could not have witnessed the scandalous happening. He would have loved it.

A footnote: If you take the trouble to look, you will find a modest white marker on the sloping hillside behind Minor Theater. It indicates Alexander Woollcott's final resting place. There is another small marker nearby. It is that of Frode Jensen, M.D., whose last wish was to be buried at the side of his old benefactor, and it is eloquent testimony to the generosity of the "real" Aleck and the affection in which he was held by those who really knew him.

Dealing with technology

by Sonya Brouner

The 1983 Winter Term Co-Curricular Program on "Technology: Culture and Human Values" marked the third year of the program on the Hill. It is designed to facilitate the intellectual pursuit of a topic of general interest which is amenable to a variety of perspectives from various disciplines. The program consists of lectures, films, exhibits and other public events related to the topic throughout the month of January.

Funded by a special budget through the Dean's Office, the program seeks to integrate as many disciplines as possible on a broad topic of concern. Hamilton faculty, visiting instructors and guest speakers are invited to participate in the program representing their respective fields of expertise. At the same time, the program encourages involvement by campus student groups. This year the Ecology Club and the Root-Jessup Public Affairs Council joined the National Endowment for the Humanities and eight Hamilton departments in sponsoring program events.

According to Associate Prfessor of History Esther Kanipe, from the Committee on Academic Policy, this year's program was the most successful so far. She attributed its success to the varied, stimulating and well-organized events and to the skill and enthusiasm of the members of the Winter Term Co-Curricular Committee, composed of Assistant Professor of Psychology Douglas Weldon (chair), Sue Ann Miller, associate professor of biology Paris, associate professor of government, and Assistant Professor of Music Samuel Pellman. While in the past years the committee was appointed by the Academic Policy Co mittee, a new method for choosing a committee has recently been announced. Any group composed of students and faculty members may submit a proposal; the committee need not be a previously organized group and any student with an idea may form his/her own committee with the minimum of one faculty member and submit a proposal. The group which makes the proposal must serve as the Winter Term Co-Curricular Committee. They must be present for all of January 1984 to insure the smooth functioning of the program. The topic of the co-curricular proposal must be inter-disciplinary and of general interest to the college community. Proposals should be well thought out, suggest the types of events that would be organized as parts of program and indicate some courses to which the topic is relevant. Proposals should be submitted to Kanipe by March 4, 1983.

A word of advice to next year's program committee from this year's committee chairman, Professor Weldon: "Plan early. Organization and an early start are the keys to a successful winter term program."

Representing Panama: The Model U.N.

by Henry Barton

Last weekend eight Hamilton students traveled to Boston to represent the college at the Harvard National Model United Nations. The Harvard conference is in its 29th year and is considered by many to be the most prestigious of its kind. As Harvard was the host school, many of its students participated as moderators and directors, while students from guest schools played the role of a delegation from a nation represented in the actual U.N.

The Hamilton students (senior Geoff Pomeroy, junior John Pruit, sophomores Robert Leeds, Cafra Gioeli, Dave Fowler, Henry Barton, Dave Lawrence, and Robert J. Brown) were assigned to represent the nation of Panama. In addition to General Assembly Committee assignments, the Hamilton delegation was also granted one of fifteen seats on the mock Security Council. Over one hundred colleges and universities participated in the conference.

Representing Panama required a great deal of research and preparation for the students in order to understand and best present the views of the Latin American nation. Each student had to familiarize himself with the problems faced by a Third World nation and the perceptions they have of the world. Position papers and policy statements declaring the delegation's views on different issues had to be drawn up and presented. Some of the issues raised involved the International Monetary Fund and the present structure of the World Bank. Hamilton students also had an opportunity to express the interests of Panama on such issues as the fighting in Lebanon, Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, and conflict in the Southern African region. In the Security Council, Hamilton co-sponsored, fought for, and helped pass a resolution demanding the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan.

Each delegate was given a schedule of assignments which listed his responsibilities for the weekend. This involved a great deal of time in conferences discussing important issues which presently face the world and trying to reach compromises in order to resolve the problems. Students were also afforded time to explore Boston and Harvard Yard, while at the same time making new friendships and informally discussing the issues at hand.

At the close of the conference, Rob Leeds was presented with one of four awards in recognition of superior performance throughout the conference. Many of the issues addressed by the conference were of course unresolved, but each student left with a better understanding of the complexities of the issues and a better appreciation of the efforts being made to discover solutions.

All of the Hamilton students who participated are members of the Hamilton Untied Nations Association. Last year the association participated in the Princeton Model U.N. sponsored by Princeton University, as well as sponsoring their own conference on campus. Although generously funded by the Funding Committee of the Student Assembly, participants had to cover some of the cost of attending themselves.

The Hamilton Model United Nations Conference, in its third year, will be held in March. Interested students should contact either Robert Leeds or Robert J. Brown immediately.

Valentine's Day joke

In one of the largest practical jokes of recent memory, fifty students were invited to attend a Valentine's party at 11:30 pm on Monday night. When the happy invitees arrived however, there was no party to be found.

Monday morning, posters had been placed in key spots around campus. Each poster had the name of the fifty lucky ones and other pertinent information about the alleged party. Excited by the prospects of a secret party, many of the invited dressed in red Valentine garb; some wore hearts, some went semi-formal, and all ended up with egg on their face.

"This was obviously the doing of a sick mind," hypothesized senior Kevin Whalen, "If I catch this person, I'll pour beer in his or her boots."

Senior Todd Feitelson surmised, "It was probably someone who hated us all."

Yet another senior on the list, Chris Barton, thinks a little differently. "Somebody just played a joke, that's all. I thought it was pretty funny."

The night was not at all a loss, however, as the disappointed partygoers took the show on the road and danced the night away at the coffee house.

Senior Photo Deadline

send to
Yearbook, Box 82

Clinton Cinema
All Seats 99¢
Through Tuesday, 2/1:
PETER PAN
Shows thru Sun. at 1,3,5 & 7
Mon & Tues at 7

RICHARD PRYOR
JACKIE GLEASON
THE TOY
A COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE PG

Starts Wednesday, 2/2:
Weeknights at 8
Fri, Sat, Sun at 7 & 9:15

CLINTON LIQUOR STORE
Guaranteed lowest prices allowed by law in New York State.
Wine sales daily at discount prices
Meadow Street, Clinton
853-8878

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN
Open till 8:00 M-F
5:00 Sat
This week's new dinner menu:
Monday 2/28: Crepes, Spinach Salad with hot bacon dressing
Tuesday 3/1: Chinese Pepper Steak on rice with vegetable
Wednesday 3/2: Ribs & Chicken, Taters, Chili
Thursday 3/3: Lasagna
Friday 3/4: Fish Fry or Fried Shrimp

Weaver's
Wine and Liquor Store
Lambrusco — 3 litres
$5.99
Soave — 3 litres
$5.99
Champagne — 750 ml
$2.99
New Sunlight
From Germany

Down Under Thrift Shop
On The Village Green
Tues-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-1
We have lots of:
- Suits
- Sport coats
- Shirts
- Slacks
- Skirts

Come in and look around at our selection.

Check your FAVORITE activities:
☐cleaning the oven
☐defrosting the freezer
☐walking the dog
☐preparing dinner
☐taking Jr. to the doctor's
☐spring cleaning
☐painting ceilings
☐moving furniture
☐yard cleaning
☐folding laundry
☐feeding the cat
☐setting up a reception
☐washing the car
☐taking down storm windows
☐running to the store
☐explaining math

Can't find your favorite fun thing to do on our list? Yet, find yourself doing the above jobs endlessly? Give yourself the gift of time. Let HELP, Hamilton College's short term employment agency, put you in contact with an energetic student. Contact Dawn Chase at the Career Center, 859-7346, for more information.

A little spring in the dead of winter

by Meredith Dermont

A bit of spring has wafted into the List Dance Studio; and if you hurry, you might be able to catch it and warm yourself in its breezes. Barbara Rinaldo's *An Evening of Dance* could be compared to the first warm night of spring; you want to bask in it, marvel at it, frolic through it, and most of all, you want to make it last forever.

The evening opens with a lyrical solo for Rinaldo which is entitled "Paris 1978." Accompanists Michelle Lauria and Roddy Tojino set the mood for the piece — a mood which may be best described as impressionistic. Rinaldo's choreography gives the suggestion of an artist playing with ideas and gestures. She chooses the ones she likes best and repeats them, but she also never stops experimenting with other ideas. Her dancing is controlled, but soft and lyrical. The piece is a series of carefully constructed individual gestures which combine to create a much larger, softly focused picture. Rinaldo's technique is strong, but the piece is slightly marred by her rather fixed facial expression. Her choreography is at times lyrical, at times playful, and at times studied; so it would seem that her expression ought to shift along with the mood.

Rinaldo makes wonderful use of talented fledgling dancers in her innovative "Poetry in Three Movements." Janet Pinkerton, Ruth Weiner and Tanya Zinner make their debuts as three impish "children" ready to rampage through a bakery in "Devil's Food." Julienne Pollitt and Rinaldo perform powerful floor work in the "Night Guard," and then they swing from tingling our spines to make us smile at their knowing and calculated antics of "Boys." This piece is innovative in that it incorporates live poetry recitation. It is unfortunate that Joan Baranow (reader and poet) could not project her voice enough to fill the studio, and as a result, many of her words were lost. Nevertheless, Baranow was absolutely charming as she moved among the dancers of "Devil's Food."

Barbara Rinaldo

Senior dance minor Elizabeth Grusky exhibits tremendous amounts of stage presence, polish and poise in her performance of "Contrasts." This piece is a study in contrasts of the qualities of soft, circular movements, with the qualities of sharp, angular movements; although Grusky presents us with a technically flawless performance, she looks far more comfortable while performing "Circular." Perhaps Rinaldo is striving for this quality because, if one thinks about it for a moment, we would probably all admit that we are much more at ease sitting in a soft chair in a dimly lit room than we are sitting in a hard, straight backed chair surrounded by one hundred-watt light bulbs. Anyway, Bravo, Lize!

By far, the most dramatic piece of the evening is "In Mourning We Lose Our Minds." This piece is probably also the most technically difficult piece presented. Rinaldo uses large amounts of floor work, all of which is technically clean and precise. Indeed, it would seem that Rinaldo as a choreographer and dancer savors the use of floor work. Bringing the entire body in contact with the floor allows for changes in level and dynamics, and therefore creates interest. Rinaldo has mastered the solution to problems so many contemporary choreographers run into — how do you make your work look unique and fresh? Sounds simple, but it isn't. This piece also take creative risks through choice of musical accompaniment. Rinaldo has chosen vocal music by Villa-Lobos and choreographed a piece that reflects what may happen when we experience a loss. It is difficult to set a dance to vocal music because you risk having an audience become distracted by lyrics and "the meaning behind the collaboration." The collaboration in "Mourning" is far from distracting; the music and choreography don't fight for attention, they share it.

"Four Piano Blues" is the continuation of an earlier work by Rinaldo. This piece is

continued on page 8

Van Egmond and Bilson perform Muller

by Jeff Ballin

On Tuesday February 22, Dutch baritone Max van Egmond and pianist Malcolm Bilson offered a fine performance of Franz Schubert's 1827 song cycle, "Der Winterreise" (The Winter's Journey). The work is a musical setting of 24 poems by the German poet Wilhelm Muller. The poems are united thematically and and tell the story of a heartbroken man's journey through the cold and icy countryside. Muller's poems are vividly brought to life through Schubert's lyric vocal lines and harmonically complex piano accompaniments. "Der Winterreise" is one of the cornerstones of nineteenth century vocal music and shows Schubert at the height of his powers. Since it is such a demanding work, the vocalist and accampanist must pace themselves properly so as to keep the work flowing smoothly and the level of intensity constantly moving forward. Van Egmond and Bilson succeeded admirably in bringing Schubert's music to life.

Authenticity would have to be a key to the success of the performance. Van Egmond and Bilson tried to present the work as Schubert would have; this included the use of a fortepiano, the predecessor of the modern piano. The pianos of today are characterized by loud, full metallic sounds, whereas the earlier instruments (due to differences in string composition and hammer action) have a more mellow, lighter and quieter sound. The fortepiano thus allows the pianist (and consequently the vocalist) to indulge in a wider range of subtleties and minute shadings of color and dynamics. As can be seen, each instrument would lend itself to a totally different performance; with the fortepiano the vocalist does not have to sacrifice his/her sound or intentions in order to compete with the louder modern instrument. The fortepiano helped bring the work to the audience on a more intimate level, thus recreating the ambiance of Schubert's chamber music. As the program progressed Bilson and van Egmond made the audience feel as if they were being entertained by a close pair of friends in someone's living room.

Max van Egmond was, in a word, superb. His finely trained baritone filled the chapel with a rich, well-focused sound. Schubert's songs were elegantly sculpted and shaped into precious pieces of art. Van Egmond brought the story of the tortured wanderer to life, conveying beautifully the emotions haunting Muller's poems. He effortlessly handled the composer's difficult vocal lines, bringing intensity and clarity to the softer passages, and power and brilliance to the louder ones.

Malcolm Bilson, professor of music at Cornell University, provided the perfect piano counterpart to van Egmond's vocal lines. Bilson is one of the foremost authorities on the fortepiano, and displayed his mastery of the instrument. He possesses fine technical abilities, and complements these with an intelligent and expressive interpretive style. Bilson handled Schubert's exhausting piano part excellently, using the piano-forte to its best advantage.

As good as van Egmond and Bilson were separately, it was the forging of their talents into a unified whole that raised the performance to an even higher level of quality. The two musicians responded perfectly to each other's actions, and marvelously conveyed this feeling to the audience. At the end of the program van Egmond and Bilson were greeted with a warm wave of applause from a very appreciative Hamilton crowd.

On Wednesday morning February 23, Bilson and van Egmond held master classes for Hamilton's voice and piano students. Their knowledge, dedication and genuine warmth were impressive and greatly appreciated. They offered advice gladly and did all they could to help and encourage.

Arts

Lightning strikes

by Mark Pisani

In keeping with the age-old tradition of titles completely unrelated to actual reality (e.g. — Military Intelligence) "Lightning Strikes" today delves into the cultured world of Heavy Metal (HM). This is one of the least worthy of all the musical forms that have been thrown up by the Basic Twelve-Bar Blues. It came to prominence during the late sixties and early seventies, with tired old blues bands getting sick of toiling around the London Pub Circuit. The first of these to gain any international prominence was Led Zepplin, a group whose music is so dire that some southern evangelists have chosen to see it as the devil's own musings when played backwards. The "form" rapidly evolved into a forum for what came to be called "guitar heros". The rhythm section would lay down a beat and the guitarist would elevate himself and his worshipping hordes into the highest state of masturbatory ecstasy. (Some critics, indeed, feel that the conception of the lead guitar as a penis substitute has not been explored deeply enough.) Heavy Metal is generally conceived as a harmless wall of wound for adolescents to "headbang" to. However, the harmlessness does not extend as far as eliminating racism, sexism, anti-gay sentiments etc. With this in mind, let us move on to more interesting things such as .....

Molly Hatchet: *No Guts. . . No Glory. . .*

I really don't know about the first part of the title; the Mollys certainly have guts — they spill them all over their belts. The album cover displays a picture of our heroes at some film set called Six Gun Territory, all six of them (including the full compliment of three lead guitarists, just one couldn't possibly screw up enough) striding down the street with guns in hand, looking as if they're on the way to a KKK lynching. The inner sleeve depicts each of our lads individually, with "personal thanx" under each. Another exciting feature of the sleeve is the enormous list of credits giving thanks to all the worthy people who helped in this effort. The obligatory corporate thanx is augmented by a horrible optimistic thank you to the promoters and radio stations who have so misguided and supported them. As for the music, it is all that one would expect from the queens of Southern Rock. The Kings of Southern Rock, Lynyrd Skynyrd, died in some accident a while back. (Some critics see this as final, clinching proof of the existence of God.) Molly Hatchet: *No Guts... No Glory...* says it all.

MSG (Michael Schenker Grope): ***Assault Attack***

MS was the guitar hero for Scorpion and UFO, he graduated summa cum laude in prima donna histrionics and formed his own outfit. Cozy Powell, ex-Deep Purple, drummed with him for a while and then left, presumably tired of acting as the interpreter of MS's primeval Teutonic rantings. This language barrier has not prevented MS from making a considerable amount of money from his sexist ravings. If you're looking for basic, kick-ass, guitar-riddled "raaaack and rawl," this is where it's at. Personally, though, MSG has always given me a head-ache.

Intrigue, sex, and espionage

From Russia With Love. **Directed by Terence Young, Starring Sean Connery, Lotte Lenya, Robert Shaw.**

Quite frankly, there is an art to making an action-adventure film. It is often difficult to tell the difference between the masterpiece and the unimaginative fake. Yet where many films fall flat (like *The Blues Brothers*), *From Russia With Love* emerges a success.

On this outing, James Bond is again battling the evil organization SPECTRE, run by that unseen villain, Ernest Stavros Blofeld. SPECTRE has recently acquired the services of Rosa Kleb, director of SMERSH, Russia's spy network. Still pretending to work for the U.S.S.R., she orders one of her more beautiful agents to defect with a secret decoding machine, the Lector. The British send Bond to help her and the machine reach safety. They know it is a trap, but they believe it is on the part of the Russians. In reality, SPECTRE intends to play Bond and the Soviets off against each other. Thus, they will do away with 007 and obtain the Lector for themselves; to complete the task, they send their best psychopathic murderer. But this is James Bond they are dealing with — no plan ever works out that simply for the forces of evil.

While it may seem little more than a formality to concern ourselves with the subject of acting, it must be remembered that even stereotypes can be performed well. To many, Sean Connery is the quintessential James Bond — no other will do. Connery is in fact superb as the secret agent that every man wants to be and every woman wants to make love to. He is handsome, dashing, intelligent, cultivated, mysterious — in short, a superman. His character type lies at the base of all successful escapist entertainment. As the silent psychopath Grant, Robert Shaw is chillingly sinister. He says nothing for most of the film, so we have no way of knowing what he is going to do next (although we can safely assume it will involve death.) Lotte Lenya is perfectly grotesque as the hideous Rosa Kleb; evil drips from everything she does or says.

In any action-adventure film, the elements we usually demand the most of (plot, characterization, performances) are subordinate to the special effects and the pace of the action. The formula is a simple one: the faster the chase and the more spectacular the stunts, the better. Although some of the later Bonds, including *The Spy Who Loved Me*, are more successful in this respect, *From Russia With Love* is only the second in the series. On a relative or absolute scale, it is one of the better examples of the genre. One particular sequence involves a boat chase — five speedboats from SPECTRE chasing Bond and the Russian agent. When machine gun bullets riddle the drums of fuel on board his boat, Bond dumps them overboard and sets them on fire with a flare gun. On the Orient Express, Bond is pursued by Grant; when the two confront each other, what ensues is probably one of the best fight scenes ever recorded on film. Various other chases, fights, and twists populate the film, adding to the overall fantastic flavor.

While the action sequences are well worth waiting for, it often seems that one must wait too long. Director Young stretches out the action in what appears to be an attempt at suspense. But suspense is not a relevant element of a Bond film: he *always* wins. I will admit that Bond doesn't know that Grant is pursuing him and the audience does, but the outcome of the fight is determined when you pay your admission. Young's sometimes ponderous direction is the only flaw in an otherwise solid film.

Is it the best of the Bonds? Taking everything into account, the answer is no — but it stands as one of the better contributions to the series. It's a lot of fun — and there are worse ways to spend two hours.

— Michael E. Barry

Rinaldo dances on

continued from page 7

the most fully developed and carefully rehearsed one in the program. Randy Whiting '82 and Leslie Tarbell approach the piece with contained energy. Again, the audience gets the feeling they are studying a series of impressionist paintings. We are treated to a sequence of alternating flowing and staccato gestures which blend into a unified well-structured piece. Rinaldo has used the complimentary features of these dancers to create interesting shapes. They move in parallel lines, they curve to protect each other, they work together. A major disappointment with this piece is that the dancers don't seem to hear Brian Moll's accompaniment. They appear to be concentrating too hard, to be too absorbed in themselves, and they perform as if they are listening only to counts in their heads. One senses that if the dancers were not so self-absorbed, they might find the quality of live accompaniment to be inspirational and a source of energy. A flicker of stage presence shown in Whiting's face when he impishly and briefly mugged at the audience!

"Calisthenics with Structured Improvisation" is guaranteed to cause anyone who has ever taken junior high school gym classes to roll with laughter. Rinaldo has taken exercises taught during the Twyla Tharp Company Workshop and structured her own piece about them. Memories of bad ballet recitals, humiliating gym classes and embarassing baton twirling exhibitions come flooding back when one watches this piece. The audience seemed even to believe that (during last night's performance) Rinaldo's contact lens was *supposed* to have fallen out. Such was *not* the case, but it only added to the humor of the piece. After recovering her lens, and herself, Rinaldo gave the audience her best dancing school curtsy and continued on. Yes, the piece is humorous and entertaining, but it does have structure. Maybe this is the reason *An Evening of Dance* is so satisfying: it's entertaining and at times light-hearted, but it's also intelligent.

An Evening of Dance will be repeated tonight and tomorrow night at 8:30 pm in the List Dance Studio. Thanks, Barbara Rinaldo, we can always use a little springtime in the dead of winter. . .

Dooley to stage informance

Behind-the-scenes acting secrets will be detailed in an "informance" by professional actor Ray Dooley — a 1975 Hamilton graduate — on Saturday, February 26, at 8 pm in the Red Pit.

Called an "informance," the free of charge program is a combination of performance and informal talk with the audience. The desired result is a better understanding and appreciation of the arts and the artists by the community. The presentation includes a demonstration of how stage fights are choreographed, and examples of different kinds of acting styles, from the naturalistic to the flamboyant.

Dooley presents these informances for Affliated Artists, Inc., a New York City based organization whose major objective is to bring performing artists — actors, musicians, dancers and mimes — to groups of people who might not ordinarily have the opportunity or the access to see and appreciate the various performing arts forms.

After graduating from Hamilton Phi Beta Kappa, Dooley pursued his acting studies at San Francisco's American Conservatory Theatre. He has appeared in numerous regional theatre productions, including the Baltimore Center Stage, the Pittsburgh Public Theatre, and the Seattle Repertory Theatre. In 1979, he was a member of the American Shakespeare Theatre Company in Stratford playing Ariel in *The Tempest* and won a 1982 Off-Broadway's Obie Award for his performance in the title role of *Peer Gynt* at the CSC Repertory Company in New York City. He most recently appeared in *Translations* by Brian Friedman at the Huntington Theatre in Boston.

S.K. FILMS
presents
Sean Connery
in
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE
8 & 10 pm $1
Fri & Sun in KJ
Sat in Science

E·T·C·E·T·E·R·A

Hamilton Abroad

This week,* Etcetera *takes a look at the exploits of several Hamilton students who have studied or are currently studying abroad. Three reports, two from India and one stretching from Paris to Granada, provide insight into both the true meaning of culture shock, and the chaos that can accompany travel abroad.

The Lower Berth

I slept on a wooden table underneath a mosquito net, washed out of a hand-pump, ate with my right hand and used my left for toilet paper. In train stations I walked over dead people covered with flies to get to trains that carried 250 people in cars designed for 60. In the village I watched people urinate on the water fountain, defecate in the middle of the road, butcher water buffaloes in the middle of the road, and sit down and cry in the middle of the road. The local leper would keep me posted on how much more of her fingers had disintegrated. Every morning the man with no legs would drag himself down to the village to beg, and every evening his mother would drag him home on a skateboard with a string.

I lived in a 6' x 8' cement cell in a monastery. We got up before dawn and had all our classes and teachings in the morning because by midday it was too hot to do much of anything except sleep. Evenings were short — only those who could brave the mosquitos stayed up. For breakfast we had milk-rice or millet. For lunch there was white rice, *chappattis*, and curried vegetables. Every day. Dinner was a luxury — warm water buffalo milk for which we paid extra. The food left over at the end of the day went to the people in the village who were too old or sick to work, and who had come to the Abbot of the monastery asking for help. The Abbot would help anyone as long as they were willing to help themselves as well. Only when someone was near death would he be the one to make the first move. One afternoon one of the men in the monastery casually walked over to the hand-pump and began to twist a knife into his guts. Just as casually, the Abbot walked over and withdrew the knife.

Oh, it's all very dramatic. All the stories you hear are entirely true. But those stories do little more for our understanding of India than win our pity. And aren't we oh-so-virtuous for feeling sorry for all the starving children in India. Think of all the food thrown away daily in the dining halls. And that's as far as our thoughts go. The next line is that we should *eat* our peas instead of throwing them away because a starving Indian would like them. Either way the Indian doesn't get the peas. We can't get past the narrow view we have of our own world to see anyone else's realistically. We see Indian culture in the framework of our own culture. In other words, we see nothing at all.

Indians have a culture that goes way beyond the fact that they are sick and starving. Granted, the way they are is largely a function of their environment. By the end of three months I had had enough sun, heat, white rice, amoebas in my intestines, and cow dung between my toes to make me miserable if I stopped to think about it. But the only times I was miserable were when I *did* stop and think about it — when I saw that culture only in comparison to this one. And now that I've returned to all the comforts of home, I crave the "misery" of India.

Underneath all the characteristics of India that we drop our jaws at is a simplicity that far exceeds any complex or quantitative comforts in the US. I left home with two sets of clothes, one pair of shoes, a raincoat, a bottle of shampoo, and a journal. While I was there I acquired little more than a few paperback books and a stack of paper. So there I was with a bunch of people and no material possessions — nothing to clutter up our lives. Nothing (no thing) to entertain ourselves with. What we were left with was ourselves and other people. That's where livelihood comes from. People communicate in India. You can't tell the difference between a family and a bunch of people who happen to be in the same place at the same time. I can't say what it is they talked about (I only spoke Survival Hindi), or exactly how they felt, but I can speak for myself.

I had a field day. I was on a Buddhist studies program with eleven other Americans. The entire thing was executed within an Asian framework — Asian instructors and Asian lifestyle. The third week I was there I was sicker than I've ever been, I had lost fifteen pounds, my mental state was a complete disaster, and the only reason I didn't hop onto the next plane home was because it would have been a waste of $4,689. I had no choice but to try to make the best of it. It came slowly, though, and in pieces. The first even vaguely happy moment was walking down to the village. There was a bunch of water buffalo lumbering toward me, so I bent over, stuck my face forward, put my fingers up to make horns, and started lumbering right back at them. It's trivial, maybe, but I got a lot more out of it than lying flat on my back dreaming of hot showers, Cadbury's with almonds, and "Supper's Ready" emanating from the speakers at full volume.

So I got myself out on the "field," at least. It became evident very quickly that it is pretty much impossible to discover anything about Indian culture by asking an Indian. They just don't think within the same framework we do. I spent three hours once asking one of my teachers a question that Russell Blackwood would have answered in one sentence. No matter how many ways I reworded it, my teacher never understood the question as I was asking it. And often when an Indian does answer your question, they will tell you what it is they think you want to hear (never ask yes or no questions in India). The only way to get to know a culture is to live it. Throw everything — material possessions and mind-sets — away. Gone. They are no longer part of your repertoire. This is idealistic, and perhaps not even Absolutely Possible, but it is the only way. Wing it and shut up.

What are you left with? In the beginning, very little except your spontaneity. The key to getting in on what is really going on is to stop comparing. Indian culture, or any other culture for that matter, does not exist solely in relation to US culture. When you are in India, you're in India and not the States. You don't have US culture, so you take what is available to you. If you're in India, you take India. You start by living their way — eating, sleeping, washing, going to the bathroom, and dressing as they do. This is not imitating in the sense of pretending to be something you're not. Rather, it's adopting a setting. It is using the available resources rather than trying to create your own more familiar ones. When you carry around your little library of Old Ways, you waste a lot of energy hanging on to them. It is nothing but a regressive motion. This isn't to say that forward motion should always be the object of one's life. The point is momentariness. All tackiness aside, you have to live in the moment. Be receptive to it and be able to react to it spontaneously. I'd be tempted to assert this as a general life principle, but I think it is especially true in India where they run on a much smaller linear scale than ours.

I've written six or seven lengthy endings for this article, none of which seems to satisfactorily conclude what I've said. I think that there is no conclusion, except maybe this: Do it or don't.

by Libby Barlow

Touch around us

"Why on earth spend three and a half months in the cesspool of the world?" This was my grandfather's reaction when I told him I was going to India.

I can't deny that his question didn't float in and out of my mind during my first day in India. In the early morning our plane landed at the Delhi airport and all six of us in the group stood by the open doorway "eating the Indian air" for the first time. Outside of the familiar 747, the air was hot, heavy, and carried the dusty smell of cow dung. Soldiers with sleepy and bored looks on their faces circled the plane with sub-machine guns over their shoulders.

After landing at our final destination, Ahmedabad (a city in Gujarat), I took my first and unforgettable car ride in India. Packed into a 1955 Fiat we went hurtling down the "wrong" side of the road. Two weeks of Gujarati lessons had taught us some useful vocabulary, and as we yelled "monkey!" "camel!" "banana!" the driver broke into grins. The passing scenes on the road were like an elaborate movie set. Trucks painted in brilliant colors had "God is Love, honk please OK" scrawled across their back bumpers for safety. The taxi swerved around buses with various limbs bursting from the windows, and dodged several cows rummaging peacefully in the road, impervious to the traffic grazing their flanks. Rickshaws, camels pulling trolleys, women in brilliantly colored cloth, shepherds in turbans — it did not seem possible that I was about to become a part of that world outside the window.

The Experiment thankfully placed us at a small and quiet rural campus of our hosting institution. The Gujarat Vidyapith, founded by Mahatma Gandhi before India's independence, was originally conceived of to provide an alternative to British-controlled higher education. Retaining its original ideology of reaching out to the socially oppressed, today the Vidyapith is largely dedicated to the training of social workers to perform grass-roots uplift work in the villages.

Upon our arrival at Sadra's campus, we were led through the main building (formerly a British political agent's home) to be greeted by the headmaster. Sitting on a wide floor mat I remember noticing the only ornament in the room — a framed portrait of Gandhi wreathed with a garland of homespun cotton, or khaki. Later in our rooms we were issued khaki clothes, required to be worn by all Vidyapith students.

My first impressions of India are among my strongest memories. They are so vivid because each and every detail represented the discovery of a new and fascinating world. Lying in

"My first impressions of India. . . are so vivid because each and every detail represented the discovery of a new and fascinating world."

bed (which felt more like a table to me) underneath the mosquito net, hearing the ineffective buzz of the ceiling fan and praying one of the lizards would not come unglued from the wall, I remember wondering if I would ever feel comfortable with my new surroundings. After one week, thanks to the hospitality and infinite patience of both the students and teachers at Sadra we began to feel like survivors. Eating on the floor in the dining room facing sixty boys watching our clumsy efforts at eating with our hands became less of an ordeal and more of a comedy act. It no longer surprised us that our white skin alone could attract most of the village's curiosity. We both fascinated and frightened the villagers, but our ability to speak to them about our own homes in Gujarati at once made us more human in their eyes.

One element of my interaction with the Indian people that I had not expected was to be perceived as a representative of American and Western culture. The questions seemed endless at first: "Are you married?" "How many brothers and sisters do you have?" "Why does your country supply Pakistan with so much aid?" "Why don't you wear a nose-ring?" "We see that you all wear the same clothes; is there no difference between men and women in your country?" "Why do you put your parents in nursing homes — have you no respect for your elders?" Their questions were never easy to answer, and if they were posed to the entire group none of us could ever agree. It was also, however, often necessary to stress that our streets are not paved with gold and that America suffers from a unique set of economic and social problems.

As we finally settled into our residence at the main city campus of the Vidyapith, I spent less time ogling camels and more time trying to understand the people around me. We spent most of the semester at a Gandian Vidyapith which, through the study and practice of Gandian social ideals, strives to teach the rural people how to become more self-sufficient. Most of their programs stress simplicity and integrity of labor so that the greatest benefit is derived from the limited employment available. Although their actual field work has made some real progress in some villages, the Gandian movement as a whole has lost its grip on popular consciousness. Gandhi was assassinated in 1948 shortly after India gained her independence, and some say that the nerve behind the non-violent constructive movement died with Gandhi. Many minds today look too quickly towards the West for answers to India's problems, ignoring the needs of the 80 percent rural population who are at present simply struggling to survive. Unfortunately, on the opposite side, many Gandians follow a doctrine which has not evolved nor seriously been questioned since 1948. Their ideology risks stagnation since they refuse to recognize India's diversity. Leaders such as Morarji Desai refuse to seriously face the complex questions posed by a sporadically but rapidly modernizing country.

In the sterile and air-conditioned offices of US AID in the American Embassy compound we drank imported Coke (doubtless that the Americans could not survive without it) and were told about our government's agricultural programs for India. In a desert area of Gujarat, a rusted tin-can hung from the wall of a mud hut in a small tribal village which read "Vegetable Oil — not for sale — donated by the people of the USA." In that same village a small girl held up one of our orange balloons, objects from another world, with large and surprised eyes. Although these scenes may appear non-related, they are essentially interconnected realities. We had the rare opportunity to both explore the theoretical approaches to feeding India's villages and we were able to see methods in progress both succeed and, more often, fail.

The wealth, graciousness and beauty, children screaming in crowded trains, and the beggar around the corner without eyes or nose — each one of these things exists simultaneously in the very close world that is India. Unfortunately, no social program looks as good in reality as it does on paper.

Before we left to travel to our homestay families in northern India, I took one last walk around Ahmedabad. The recent cyclone had literally crushed many makeshift homes and everywhere in the streets families rummaged through the debris trying to rebuild their homes. Passing through a particularly badly damaged slum by the river, I was pelted with rocks by a crowd of kids. I fought my anger and told myself that they didn't need me that morning. They didn't need a warmly-dressed white person reminding them of what they had lost.

Later that week we travelled to Lucknow to join our homestay families. My family was well off by Indian standards and lived comfortably in four rooms, and although there were seven members of the family when I arrived, they gave me a room to myself! Throughout the homestay I was constantly surprised at what being "a member of the family" actually entailed. I certainly never expected to find myself sitting in on negotiations for my own sister's marriage.

I sat in a starkly furnished living room in a fancier neighborhood of Lucknow with my Indian parents and elder brother, listening to the persistent hum of a fluorescent strip light. Few words were exchanged in the tense silence as we sat alone, waiting for our host to appear. We were guests in a large and prosperous Hindu household, but the tea and *nasto* that usually accompanies such visits was strangely absent. My parents had come

by Laura W. Orth

to negotiate the marriage of my elder sister, Rekha.

The protocol and tone of the occasion was uniquely Indian but unlike anything I had ever witnessed or been a part of before. Having grown accustomed to Indian hospitality, I was astounded that the eldest brother of Madan (the husband-to-be) with whom we had come to speak, took one half-hour to emerge from the depths of the quiet house. After several minutes, the mother-in-law, a wizened woman wrapped in a dark shawl, came to sit with us. Although I understood very little of the Hindi conversation between her and my parents, it was obvious from its

"In the sterile and air-conditioned offices of the US Aid in the American embassy compound we drank imported Coke. . . in the desert area of Gujarat, a rusted tin can hung from the wall of a mud hut. . . which read 'Vegetable Oil — donated by the people of the USA'."

tone that, although both parties were of the same caste, our hosts held the power in this game and my parents were forced to play it their way. My mother kept up a stream of small talk with the ancient woman but, although she is accorded enormous respect in the household, everyone in the room understood that no significant steps in the negotiation procedure could take place until the eldest brother arrived.

My father had informed me before the visit how important these negotiations were; they would determine whether or not the man's family would accept what my father was willing to offer for the marriage of Rekha. An eligible husband's family has the power to ask almost anything of the wife's family. I had the impression that even if my father had been the richest man in Luchnow, he would still have been in an inferior bargaining position. Apparently several potential husbands have turned down my father's offers. (This explained Rekha's age which at 29 is unusually old.) He is unsure whether this is because Rekha did not measure up to their standards of beauty or whether this is a reason used to escape from negotiations in which my father may not have offered enough dowry. Across the room I could see his nervous hand motions and began to share his impatience and anxiety. Finally, the eldest brother entered the room. Polite *namaskaar's* were exchanged, but as soon as all of us were seated again, the accumulated tension in the room released itself in a sudden explosion of heated conversation. "Fifty-thousand flat," my father said. "That's all inclusive and is my highest and last price. I have two other daughters I also must marry, you understand. A decent wedding, of course." This seemed to please him, and my father, seeing his smile, repeated the terms with more genuine firmness in his voice, watching the man slowly nod his head.

While part of me participated in my father's relief at having his proposal finally accepted, another part of me was hit by waves of shock; this was my gentle, smiling sister, Rekha, they were weighing in rupees! What if this was my future they were discussing? What would marriage with this unknown man be like, away from the safe warmth of my parental home?

Speaking with my brother, Praveen, later on that evening, he translated the negotiations in full for me. Looking down below us in the street where cows were poking through garbage, I tried to ask him questions in a positive and nonchalant tone of voice. Praveen, however, did not miss any of my surprise and passionate interest in the incident and did his best to explain. Rekha, like most Hindu women, has grown up expecting to have her marriage arranged by her parents and she genuinely trusts them to make the best choice. I found myself understanding that an arranged marriage is, in fact, the most practical system for families such as mine. Given a woman's limited social contact outside her family, no

one does know her better than her parents. In a sense, a Hindu woman enters marriage in opposite circumstances as a woman in a love marriage. In Hindu marriage, the initial union is formed according to practical and financial considerations and it is from this base that a couple must build up an understanding and perhaps later, love. In an Occidental love marriage, pointed out Praveen, practical matters usually form a hurdle later on in married life as they are rarely taken as primary considerations during the initial emotional attachment. Praveen managed to break through my shock and help me understand what this arrangement entailed.

"The capacity to see the world around us from every side of its prism remains constant."

An additional factor in the negotiations gleaned from Praveen's translation made me realize just how much of one's life can be determined by this arrangement.

"Did you understand why he asked Papa how much dowry he could provide at the very beginning?" asked Praveen.

"No."

"You see, the middle brother works in Philadelphia and wants Maden to join him as soon as possible. Papa's 50,000 rupees is enough to pay for two one-way tickets to America, so he was happy."

"Do you mean that Rekha will probably spend the rest of her life in America?"

"Yes."

"Does she know about this?"

"No."

"How do you feel about her going away?"

"Well, it's Papa's decision and he will do his best."

"No, what would *you* want?"

At this question Praveen shot me a perplexed look.

"Of course I don't want Rekha to go so far away, but it's not up to me."

"Does Rekha know that negotiations are going on?"

"Do you think she's stupid?"

"Do Dolly and Arti know?" (her sisters).

"Yes, but they don't talk about it."

Intellectually and as an observer, I could understand and accept the social value of the arranged marriage system. However, the image of that stark and uncomfortable living room remains indelible in my memory. As my behavior in that room reflected on my parents, I truly felt myself as a member of the family. I had sudden flashes that this *could* be my future and for the first time my emotions, all of my being was implicated in understanding the culture. I had the sensation of plunging from two dimensions into three, of being confused, of losing grip on that simple and flat understanding by which I had previously accepted "the Hindu family system." I had an intuitive understanding of the depth I was treading in. To question and finally comprehend is to dive deeper and risk the emotional response that such an approach might bring. I have found it to be my best teacher.

From India to Clinton. But the capacity to see the world around us from every side of its prism remains constant. Situations can be understood so clearly in a foreign context, but more importantly, this perspective is always within reach. Had I stayed in comfortable and western surroundings in India I would have left with a flat and stultified impression of the country. Living here in the Hill in relative luxury, we too often find it easier to ignore the world right under our feet. Has anyone bothered to ask the woman in Deansboro who has just been thrown off welfare how she is feeding her kids? It's ironical that it takes a voyage halfway around the globe to discover that it's what we decide to touch around us that makes the difference.

Travels in Europe

February break: for Hamilton students spending their junior year in France, a ten-day vacation to search for the sun or ski the slopes.

Disgusted with grey Paris, we decided to head ourselves in a southern direction — flee the cold and bask in the rays of Spain's sunshine. First to Madrid, a pit-stop in Toledo, and then on to Granada, a city just two leaps from northern Africa about which we were informed *il faut y aller* — in other words, a place one *must* see. So off we went, sharing a backpack, equipped with shorts, t-shirts, espadrilles, and a couple of sweaters — just in case it got chilly in the evening. We were leaving our coats and winter behind.

Nineteen hours later: Charmartin Station, Spain. We peeled our frazzled bodies off the compartment seats and staggered happily into the heart of Madrid. Everything was going our way. We settled into a beautiful room with stain-glass doors, chandeliers, and breakfast too, all for $4.50 a night. We eagerly stepped out into the busy streets to explore the city. By midday the temperature reached a healthy 57 degrees and we were eating like *El Ria's* for five bucks.

By nightfall, agreed that Madrid was quickly losing its scant appeal, we took action. Pulling out our trusty Michelin guide, we fingered the pages and chose to continue our southward journey to Toledo — a mere two-hour bus ride from Madrid.

Monday morning: bus-bound for Toledo. By noon we had reached our destination. The sun was shining. The small town epitomized our idea of what Spain should look like. Toledo was tiny, situated on a steep hilltop with narrow winding roads and a charming plaza where we found a room nearby for three dollars a night. We spent the day marvelling at our good fortune and congratulating ourselves for our wise planning. Happy to have left dirty Madrid behind, we explored the small village with its spectacular view of distant burnt-orange mountain tops. We were warm once again.

As evening fell, fatigue mounted and we headed back to our *hostales* to rest and scribble off some postcards before going out for a wee bit of lecherous drinking and dancing. However nightfall's arrival brought on the departure of daylight's warmth. Entering our room we were a little disconcerted when our toes became numb. No problem. Nothing a few drinks wouldn't take care of. So off we rambled to find some Spanish action.

Rounding the corner of a narrow side-street, we spotted a cute little *discoteca*. Upon entering the smoke filled bar we discovered something half the size of the Rok and not much prettier. Three men hanging over the bar and the absence of a dance floor made it immediately apparent that our first "wild night" was not to be found in Toledo. Big deal. No problem with that. we bought our three *latas* of beer, plugged *pesetas* into the jukebox, and retreated into a corner, consoling ourselves with thoughts of southern nights to come. After exhausting the repertoire of Police and Stones tunes, we headed back to our nippy chamber where we were compelled to add an extra layer of socks and turtlenecks before seeking refuge in our beds under a dozen blankets.

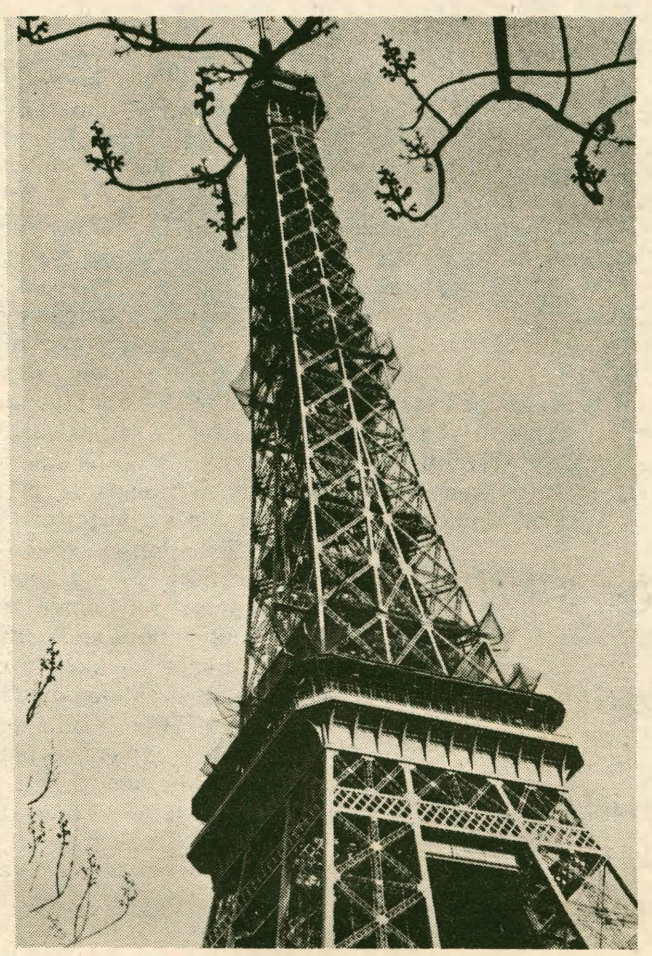
At the obnoxious buzz of the alarm the following day, we timidly poked our heads out from the covers and exchanged fearful glances at the prospect of stepping onto an icy cold floor. It had to be done. Showers were out of the question. Not one garment would be sacrificed in the pursuit of personal hygiene.

"But Ellen, it's been four days since I've washed my hair."

"That's okay, Mary, it doesn't *look* dirty."

We stepped outside encumbered by the addition of yet two more layers of clothing. Our faces fell. The charming village had been transformed under the weil of ominous skies. We tried to calculate how many *cafe con leches* we could kill time with before catching our train eleven hours later. At dusk we briskly trotted to the train station relieved to enter the heated waiting room. We would board the 11 pm train to neighboring Aranjez, and there connect to yet another one which nine hours later would bring us to Granada. We assured ourselves that although Toledo was colder than we had expected it to be, our final destination — practically on the Mediterranean coast — was sure to be the place to procure our glorious tans. Even the station's janitor confirmed our predictions. "Granada?" he quipped, "*No frio*" — not cold. Our train pulled in and we continued our southbound pilgrimage.

8 am, Granada. Too cheap to buy couchettes, we spent the night sprawled across the length of the cushioned bunk seats. Juan, the Spanish soldier with whom we shared the compartment, supplied us with a list of *discotecas*. We were psyched about



the prospect of prancing around in our shorts and t-shirts still left untouched in our backpack. As daylight broke Juan opened the window to let in a blast of frosty air. Our hearts started to race madly. He cheerfully pointed out the neighboring snow-capped mountains as the train rolled into the station. There was no sun to be seen. We checked our tickets. Perhaps we had taken the wrong train. Where were the palm trees? The Mediterranean? Were we in the twilight zone or was someone playing a bad joke on us? "Don't worry Ellen," said a teary-eyed Mary. "It's still early in the morning. It will warm up."

Once again we staggered out of another train station in search of lodging. As we walked down the town's ugly boulevard, we came across a description of Granada in *Let's Go Europe*: "A cross between the South Bronx and downtown Beirut . . ." — but it reminded us to cast our eyes towards the mountains to find the beauty of the ancient city. Thoroughly exhausted, we entered a musty cafe to regain feeling in our feet. Inside we encountered two Americans on the "Semester at Sea" program who directed us to some inexpensive lodgings.

Hanging a left off of *Calle Del Dio* we knocked on door number 11. After exchanging platitudes in broken French with a curiously boisterous Spanish woman, we were led up three flights of stairs losing the heat as we gained altidue. We made a beeline for the bathroom. Turning on the hot water faucet, a pathetic trickle of water made its way out of the nozzle. Maybe the owner had forgotten to turn the hot water on? We grew uneasy as the cold water rushed out with abandon. We flipped for first shower. Ellen won. Three minutes later she returned to the room looking clean but deranged.

"Mary . . . I could see my breath in the bathroom . . . the water is freezing."

"Ellen...it's been *five* days since I've washed my hair..."

"That's okay. It doesn't *look* dirty."

We decided that perhaps it would be warmer outside. By ten o'clock — two hours after our arrival, we realized that we were wrong. The sun was never going to shine on Granada - or on us. How was it possible? We were only two steps away from the coast of Africa. The southernmost point of Spain proved to be the coldest. We realized we had no choice but to take the night train out and cut our vacation two days short.

Bemoaning our situation, we contrived ways to keep warm and consume the remaining hours. Time was spent courageously ripping off six layers of clothing to try on identical aplacawool sweaters (to the great fascination of the store's proprietor), lamenting a soggy luncheon, rushing through Granada's famed Alhambra.

After being forced to pay for a room we wouldn't be sleeping in, we groped our way to the station and plopped ourselves down for a three-hour wait. The *Rapido* to Madrid would be yet another nine-hour stint.

On the train the unrelentless pratting of unprepossessing Spanish men impeded all chances of catching up on lost sleep. We arrived in Madrid the next morning zombified, and scuffed our way to a waiting room to while away the hours before our departure to Paris.

"Ellen, it's been *six* days since I've washed my hair," slurred Mary hanging semi-consciously over a plastic chair.

"But Mary, it looks unbelievably clean, I don't know *how* you do it," feebly remarked Ellen, eyes fixated on the illuminated time-table in the distance.

"Mary," she quavered despondently, "How many more hours?"

"On the train? . . . Only nineteen, Ellen."

. . . . . Kid Stuff.

by Ellen Archer & Mary Rozell

An appetizing experience at noon

by Amy Vail

Perhaps Noonmusic is less widely publicized than it ought to be. For three years now, this informal lunchtime concert series has brought excellent music to the Bristol Campus Center, providing not only musical enlightenment from early Renaissance to jazz, but also a rare opportunity to munch out while listening. Organized by Assistant Professor of Music Sam Pellman and Director of the Bristol Campus Center Andrew Wertz, Noonmusic is funded by the Program Board and generally presents local talent.

The Hamilton College Faculty Woodwind Quintet gave a congenial Noonmusic concert on Tuesday February 22. Like most woodwind quintets, the Faculty Quintet blends well and has a pleasant, mellow sound. They also, however, have a competance and professionalism one might not have expected from members of the less-than-world-class Syracuse Symphony. They are all intelligent ensemble players.

The flutist, Cornelia Brewster, and the oboeist, Patricia Sharp, sounded particularly adroit in Farnaby's "Variations on Elizabethan Song and Dance Airs," rather over-ornate arrangements of English contra dances, some from John Payford's landmark collection "The English Dancing Master." The ensemble played jauntily and gracefully, although I found the third air, "Tell me, Daphne," a bit heavy for my liking. The group of variations ended with some charming scoring (and playing) which really seemed to give the feeling of a flare of sackbutts and cornetti.

There then followed a suite of programmatic music from a French movie of the 1930's: Milhaud's "La Cheminee Du Roi Rene," or "The Parapet of King Rene." It is a rare piece of post-classical French music I can stand, and this failed to make the grade. Although well played, and sensitively interpreted, the music is for the sentimental alone. Some nimble playing on the part of the bassoonist, Gregory Quick, and some clever juggling of melodic lines on the part of the composer were bright spots.

On the other hand, Franz Danzi's "Quintet in B Flat" really appealed to me. Danzi, who lived from 1736 to 1826, has the syle of a young Mozart, although a close contemporary of Beethoven. So he was a little behind the times? Ah, well. This is not earth-shakingly inventive music, but very pleasant for crunching along with. Not the easiest of dinner-type music to play, it was creditably handled by the quintet, each of whom, even the horn, got an opportunity to show off his/her dexterity. They played

with grace, delicacy and restraint, particularly the lower parts — bassoon, horn and clarinette. The hornist and clarinettist were respectively Richard Decker and John Flaver. The lively, conversational third movement was clear and witty. Once again, the flute and oboe shone.

The concert ended with a transcription of "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," the Lennon and McCartney song. Not the repetitive pedestrian desecration one might have expected, the arrangement was bouncy without being too cute, and made use of the mellowness of such an ensemble delightfully. On the whole. an appetizing experience.

The filming of a revolution

by Miranda Kolbe

Last Wednesday, February 23 at 8:30, Lucio Lleras' film *The Decision to Win* was shown, followed by a question and answer session with Lleras himself. The film was produced by the film collective *Cero al Izquierda* and was shot entirely within the war fronts of El Salvador. It depicts the daily lives of those involved in the liberation process.

When asked why he chose to film the movie at the fronts, Lleras explained, "In El Salvador, there really is no other alternative. . . At first, we had the liberty of walking in San Salvador, the capital, with filming equipment. . . But little by little, that situation ended. So it's not that one chooses to film at the front, but that there really isn't another option for us."

Aided by the FMLN (The Farabundo Marti Front for National Liberation), Lleros along with another photographer travelled within the liberated zones each day to shoot. He explained that the project could not have been completed without extensive aid from the FMLN. The two photographers needed eight knapsacks just to carry their film equipment, and the FMLN guides were also essential in maintaining their safety while shooting. Not only did the FMLN aid in their movement, but at one point, "There was a Bolex with the guerillas and during a battle, a *companero* who knew how to film stayed with them and filmed it. Although it is very grainy, the results were extraordinary because no one, as of yet, has filmed the combat so closely at the front," Lleras stated. He added that the presence of the FMLN was instrumental in gaining the people's confidence whom he filmed, because the people have immense trust in the organization.

The rare footage and its humanistic depiction of the people involved in the revolution in El Salvador make *The Decision to Win* a fascinating film. Ranging from scenes of farm workers to school children to those attending clinics in search of medical relief (from problems mainly resulting from malnutrition), *The Decision to Win* takes the struggle in El Salvador from out of the newspapers' grey and white print and brings the people involved to life.

The opening scene is of a wedding. Filing between the aisles of a small church, men and women sing a hymn, exalting and seeking blessings from the God of the poor. Lleras later explained that this was a particularly appropriate beginning, as the Catholic church has been a major force in raising the people's consciousness and thus, spreading the ideology behind the revolution. He stated, "Rather than telling the parents of a dying child that this is God's will, the priests now say that it is not God's will that their child dies while the rich parents' child will go to the University."

Several other scenes in the movie focused on the education and training process of the children living in the war zones. All of the children being educated were male, which Lleras explained by stating that the zone in which he was filming was a particularly traditional one. (He emphasized that out of eight commandants in the revolutionary force, four were women.) The education takes place in temporary structures and is geared toward familiarizing the children with the revolution's ideology. While the younger students learn how to read revolutionary slogans, the older ones practice giving speeches and then file out of the classroom, picking their rifles from the wall as they exit.

In a running race among some of the younger children, one heard cries of, "The last one's a fascist!" This deluge of revolutionary slogans and enforced ideology might have appeared as a massive brainwashing, and looked down upon for that, but seemed justified because of the film's overwhelming sense of this being a revolution of and for the people.

Perhaps the most dramatic scene was the taking of the city of Perquin. Helicopters (sent by the American government) buzzed above, artillery blasted, and smoke filled the air, yet there were no bodies falling, no blood oozing, nor any limbs breaking from war-torn bodies. The takeover was completed in less than ten minutes, and the National Guards surrendered with less protest than six-year-olds might to their parents' request that they brush their teeth. Lleras explained that many people join the National Guard simply because it is one of the few jobs available with such high unemployment in the country, and, once the Guards realize that if they surrender their lives will be preserved, they often put up little resistance. Demoralization is such a problem in the National Guard that, "at times they meet up with columns of soldiers [from the revolutionary army] and the Guards will avoid any confrontation," Lleros explained.

In an interview Lleras stated that, "We [the members of the film collective, Cero al Izquierda] would like to make the film known to the widest possible audience but particularly to the American public, because they are the ones that can exercise the most pressure to this government which is the support of the Salvadorian junta. . . The reality is that the people — the peasants who sow the corn, who maintain the guerillas, who feed them — all of this goes into the organization of the liberation process. They are not isolated revolutionaries, as many people imagine. We wanted to present the war fronts as they actually are; very extensive zones which comprise one third of the country in which the population is organized for war necessities." By illustrating the extensive efforts of the people behind the revolution along with those directly involved in the conflict, Lleras has achieved his objective.

MEEK

meekmeekmeekmeekmeekmeek-
meekmeekmeekmeekmeekmeek-
meekmeekmeekmeekmeekmeek-
meekmeekmeekmeekmeekmeek-
meekmeekmeekmeekmeekmeek-
meekmeekmeekmeekmeekmeek

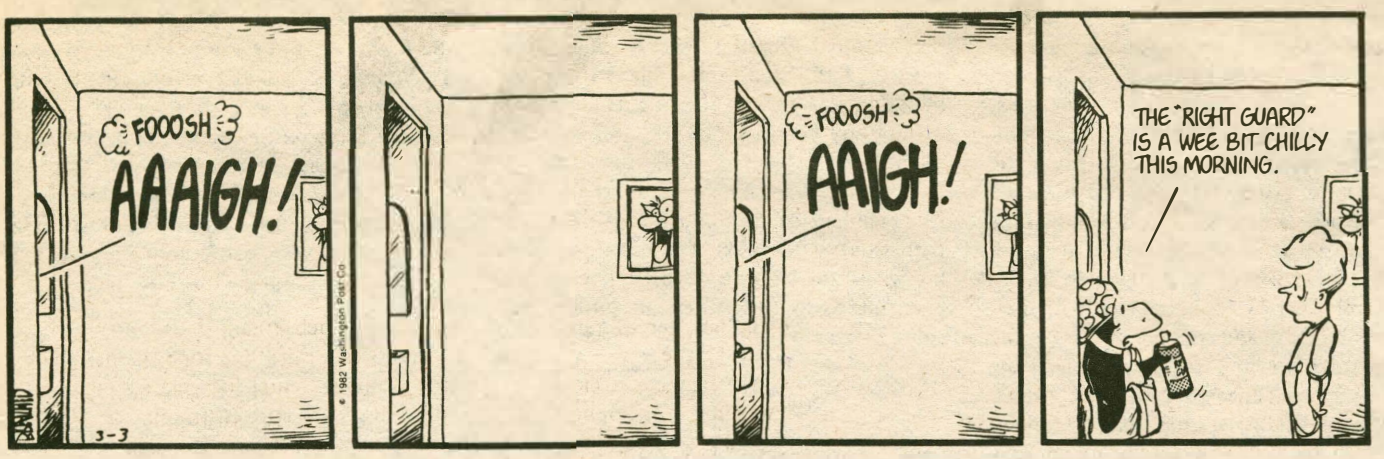
Jorie Graham delivered a poetry reading

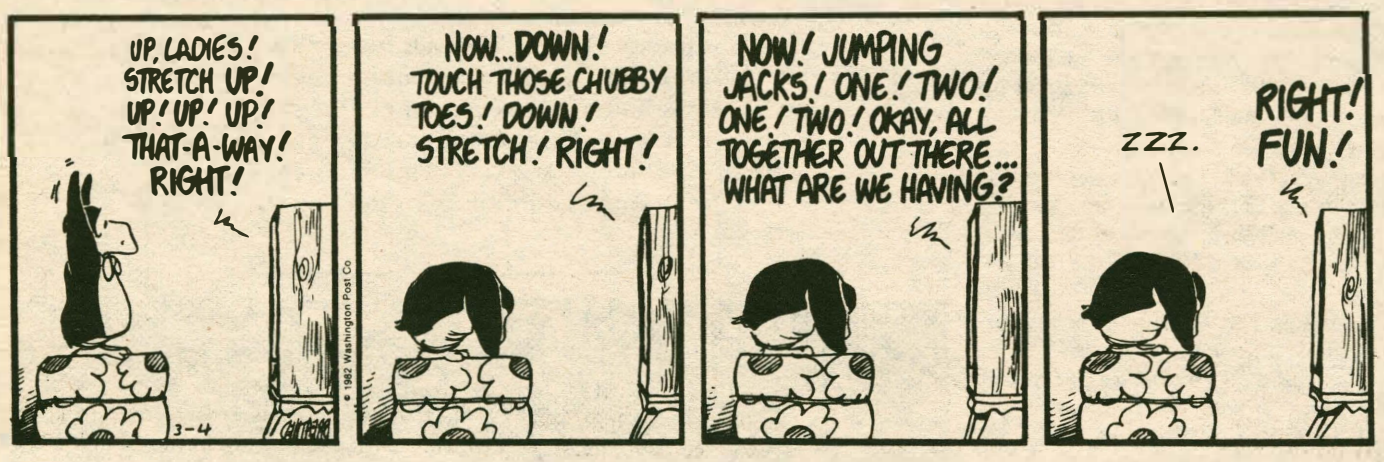
Bloom County

STEVE? YOO HOO! STEVEN DALLAS?!
WHAT? WHO THE ★@#?! IS THAT?
ME! YOUR ALTER EGO! YOU KNOW, YOU'RE NOT REALLY THE SEXIST, ELITIST MACHO LUNKHEAD THAT YOU SEEM...
I'M NOT?
NO! DEEP DOWN YOU'RE ACTUALLY SENSITIVE, COMPASSIONATE AND MUCH LESS CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR MACHO IMAGE...
CAN'T BE...
WHY, YOU'D EVEN PREFER WATCHING "MASTERPIECE THEATRE" OVER FOOTBALL.
I'M GAY?!
© 1982 Washington Post Co
2-28

LOOK STEVE...THERE'S A NICE YOUNG LADY... NOW DON'T BLOW IT.
FOR ONCE IN YOUR SHALLOW LIFE, DON'T BE A TOTAL JERK... REACH DOWN DEEP AND FIND THAT HIDDEN RESERVE OF GOOD TASTE...
OKAY... DIG DEEP, BOY...DEEP!
UH... YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING I COULD CATCH, DO YA?
NOT DEEP ENOUGH?
© 1982 Washington Post Co
3-1

OKAY...THERE'S ANOTHER ONE...THIS TIME DON'T BE A TOTAL IGNORAMUS.
OKAY! DON'T PRESSURE ME!
SAY SOMETHING PROVOCATIVE... CLASSY... NO CLICHES... AND DON'T PATRONIZE...
SHUT UP! I'M THINKING! I'M THINKING!
QUICK! SHE'S LEAVING!
WANNA WRESTLE LIPS?
AW, TO HECK WITH IT.
WHACK!!
© 1982 Washington Post Co
3-2




UP, LADIES! STRETCH UP! UP! UP! UP! THAT-A-WAY! RIGHT!
NOW...DOWN! TOUCH THOSE CHUBBY TOES! DOWN! STRETCH! RIGHT!
NOW! JUMPING JACKS! ONE! TWO! ONE! TWO! OKAY, ALL TOGETHER OUT THERE... WHAT ARE WE HAVING?
ZZZ.
RIGHT! FUN!
© 1982 Washington Post Co
3-4

SPECTATOR CLASSIFIEDS

$1.50 for up to 25 words.
10¢ each additional word.
Payment must be included with order. Submit by 4 pm Wed..

Part time employee wanted to put up posters on campus now and during 1983-84. 2-10 hours/month, $4.50/hr. Send name, address, phone number, class year, etc. to Mr. Fenton, 152 Temple St., #701, New Haven, CT 06510.

SPECTATOR PERSONALS

Send Personals to Spectator, Campus Mail. Spectator Personals are free. They must be submitted before 5 pm on the Wednesday before the issue date of Friday. The Spectator reserves the right to reject any personal deemed not in agreement with the editorial policy of the paper.

Hey Uncle Steve,
Can I buy some candy?
— All our love.

Slick,
Let me call you Sweetheart. . .
— TSD' —

Wanted. Mechanic with some experience. The oil he has is old and needs to be changed.
Call Lynie

— Wanted. Any girl who is less than 60 inches.
My head Resident is obsessed with them.
'Telba

CLB III,
Do you know what to use your roter for? Find me, I'll show you.
Kiss, L.

Primo —
I have just one word to say to you. . .FANT!
Annie —

Pretty American girl with such beautiful eyes. . .cheers!

Hey TMF
Thanks for the advice on houseparties dos and don'ts, but where were you last weekend?

To SJN
". . .she runs, erratic, to the water
As she floats she feels one with the sea
There are no threatening bathers around
The ocean is her
She loves the reassurance. . ."
A Swimmer Treading in Anticipation

Hey McG, be careful out there — fruit juice can stain your pants.

Smokey's friend — I play a musical instrument .— wanna see?

Fido,
Thanks for a gooood weekend
Abby

TD,
Thanks for stealing Wendy S.
Joe Cool

Rich, Krista, Spaz, Tom, Patti, and T-bunnies' crew:
You've shown me what 'friend' really means. Thanx for keeping me afloat.
Jim

SAR —
Thanx for your being around.
A

— CP
Indy time trials are next week. Sign up now.
— the pit crew

— M
I hope we get to see that movie this weekend.
— E

GFS —
Can you tell me how to get to Sesame Street?
C —
I think you're absolutely wonderful!
Jester

Sports
The Hamilton College Spectator

Hockey streaks to 9-3 record

Coming off of two consecutive shutouts, a first in women's hockey, the Continentals were flying high when they met Oswego on February 17. Much to the surprise of players, coaches and spectators, the game was clearly Hamilton's. From the opening seconds, the Lakers appeared at a loss. Hamilton intercepted passes, shut down breakouts, and prevented shots. Oswego could do no right in either zone, while Hamilton could do no wrong. Perhaps the most noticeable, not to mention strongest point of Hamilton's play was their sense of teamwork. For the first time in "Berry" history, members from every line scored.

Kate Thomes opened the scoring for Hamilton four minutes into the first period with an assist from right wing Lee Dillenbeck. Frustrated by a sudden Hamilton flurry midway through the period, Oswego was called for tripping. The Continentals were able to take advantage of the penalty situation as sophomore Mickie Eychner scored on a rebounded shot. Minutes later Hamilton added another point to the scoreboard when freshman Pam Goldman rifled a brilliant slapshot past the Laker goalie. At this point in the game, Hamilton was in complete control, allowing only five Oswego shots on goal. With less than two minutes left to play, Eychner added her final goal of the night off an assist from linemate Thomes.

The second period was very similar to the first with Hamilton scoring three goals to Oswego's none. Lee Dillenbeck put in the first goal of the period just three minutes into play with the assist going to Eychner. Now leading 5-0, nothing could stop the Continentals. Maria Zizzi came up with the next goal. Again it was teamwork that paid off as both her linemates had assists. Then it was Maria Buteux with a stuff shot late in the second period bringing the Continentals within three goals of the double-digit mark. Tension hung in the Hamilton locker room between periods as the women discussed their plans for getting at least three more goals. "Is it really possible?" one veteran asked. Dillenbeck answered affirmatively to that question ten seconds into the third period with a goal off a Thomes' face-off.

Women's ice hockey action **Feitelson**

Held scoreless for the next ten minutes the Continentals began to let their spirits drag. Sensing this, Coach Schoen decided a goaltender switch was in order. Sophomore Gina Marangi adjusted quickly and recorded six crucial saves. Just as coach had predicted, team spirits were revitalized as Julie Fagan tipped in a Baecher slapshot seconds after the goalie change. Just one goal short of their dream, the women turned to the fiesty third line for the final goal of the evening. Center Priscilla Cohn came up with the shot with assists going to wings Maria Buteux and Diane Harpold. Unfortunately, Oswego was able to capitalize on a beautiful cross pass in the closing nine seconds of the third period to set the final

continued on page 17

Records fall in State meet

Were you left feeling that you had missed something after last weekend's Houseparties were over? Chances are, you did, unless you travelled to Colgate to witness some of the spectacular performances turned in by the Hamilton women at the State Swimming Championship.

It was a weekend of superlative performances which saw the fall of eight previous school records enroute to a fine fifth place finish. The competition was composed of twelve teams representing Divisions I, II, and III. Perhaps the most amazing fact of all is that every Hamilton Swimmer qualified for the finals in at least one event.

The seniors, at one point plunging from the 3-meter diving board in a form that "let the divers know they had nothing to dread," generated much of the enthusiasm that carried the team through the three-day event, and managed to save enough energy to swim. Alyson Lee turned in her season's best times in the 50 yard free, and 50 fly, and personal best in the 100 IM. Leslie Allen, still suffering one week later from strained vocal chords, had best times in the 50 back, 100 IM, 200 IM and 50 fly, and Barb Smalley, not to be outdone, tallied bests in the 400 IM, 200 fly, 100 fly and 200 IM, topping it off with a 'gutsy' performance in the 1650 free.

The juniors were led by Betsy Bacot's toppling of two school records in the 100 and 200 breast and adding a third place finish in the 50 breast. Helen McGee's banishment to the filter room before the 1650 event seem to have had a magical effect on her performance. Kathy Tegtmeyer, who returned to the pool in February after a month-long Texas vacation, swam remarkably well in the longer distance breaststroke teams. Finally for the juniors, Lisa King produced season-best times in the 50, 100, and 200 breaststroke

The sophomore contingent was led by Meg Reilly, who eclipsed two school records in the 200 and 400 yd. IMs. She added to these achievements her best times of the season in th 1650 free and the 200 fly. Marie Figge attacked the distance freestyle field, chalking up personal best times, in the 1650 and the 500 free. Beth Pfitzenmayer overcame two weeks of illness by turning in her best performance of the season in the 50, 100 and 200 breaststroke events.

Finally, the freshmen, new to this three-day marathon of shaving down and psyching up, seemed to make the adjustment well. Reenie Kinney became the team's sole qualifier for the Division III Nationals with a spectacular 1:04.85 performance in the 100 IM — a time good for a 4th place finish in the event. Kinney also contributed a school record in the 50 fly and her own best time in the 50 free. Kim Mitchell dominated the backstroke events for Hamilton, handing in personal best times in the 50, 100 and 200 events. More personal best times were contributed by Jane Rayfield in the 50, 100 and 200 breaststroke events, by Chris Telfer in the 50 and 100 freestyle, and Jennifer Backman in the 100 and 400 IM. Kristen Peterson, one of the teams more overworked members, looked strong in the 50 and 100 breaststroke and the 200, 500 and 1650 yd. freestyle events. Mary Texido, in the spirit of adventure, tried the 50 yd. butterfly event, missing the finals by only one place. She also turned in an exceptionally good time in the 100 IM.

Relay teams accounted for two more school records. The 400 (Reilly, Figge, Peterson, and Kinney) and 800 (Telfer, Kinney Reilly, and Peterson) freestyle teams both finished in fourth place while the medly team of Reilly, Bacot, McGee and Telfer tallied a sixth-place finish.

Sports

Jones leads Hamilton over Union 7-6

by Eddie Fargis

On Tuesday, Hamilton closed out the 1982-83 hockey season on a triumphant note by upsetting rival Union College by the score of 7-6. The victory was especially sweet because it knocked Union out of a playoff spot and avenged an earlier season defeat. (Middlebury now fills the playoff berth that Union vacated.) Mike Marta, Carl Norbeck, and Pete Smith led the Continentals with Marta scoring two goals, Norbeck accounting for a goal and two assists, and Smith almost singlehandedly stopping the Union power play and contributing offensively with two assists.

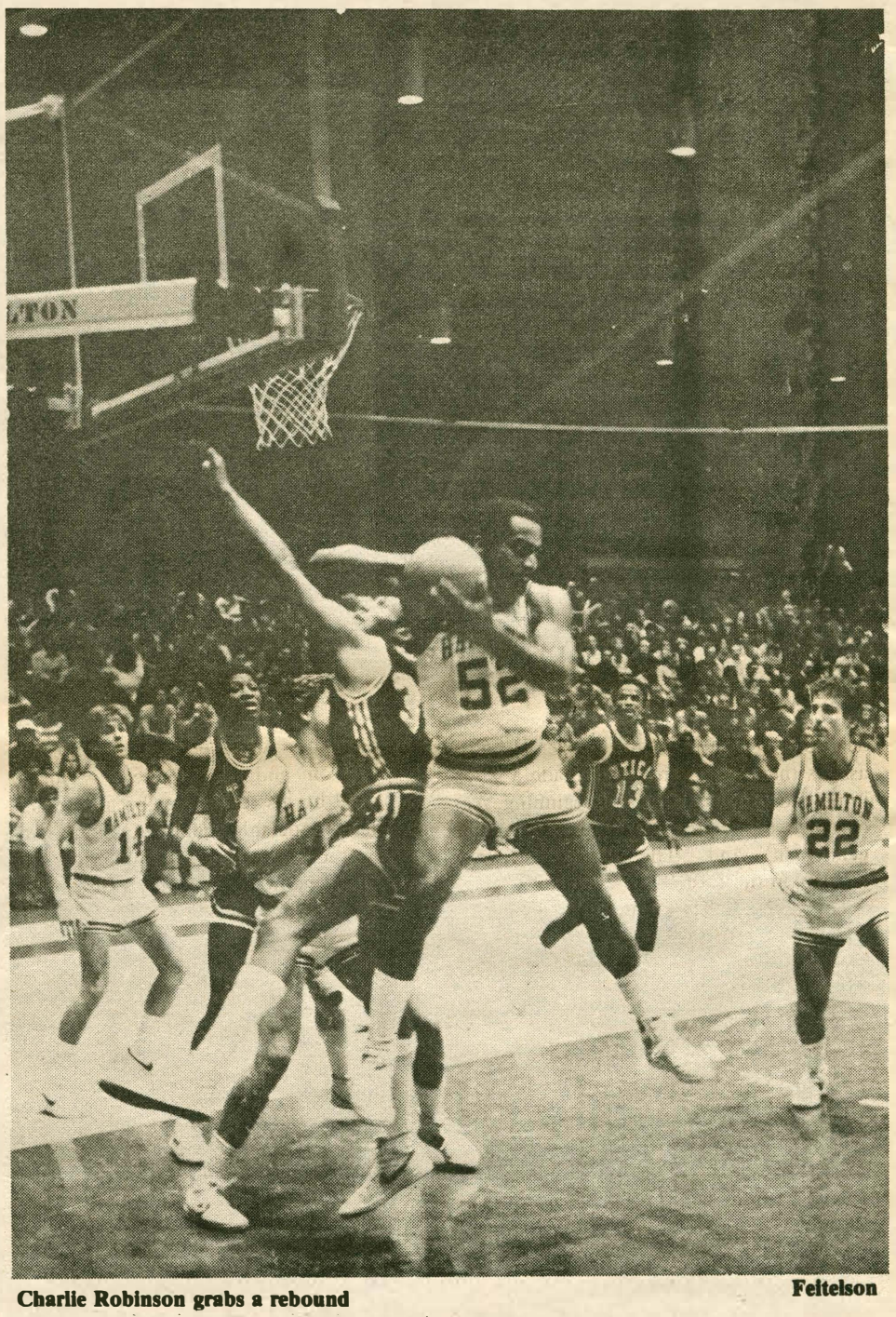
However, it was defenseman Pete Jones who became the hero by coming through in the clutch to score the last two Hamilton goals, the final one providing the margin of victory. Jones has been one of the most consistently productive Continentals this year as he tallied 24 assists and seven goals. He was second only to Mike Marta in scoring.

Marta, a junior, needs only 38 more points to become Hamilton's all-time leading scorer. He is currently tied with Greg Batt, Jr. for second in number of goals scored with 90. Tim Norbeck, father of Carl Norbeck, is first on the list with 98 goals.

Hamilton's victory over Union brings its final record to 8-16, a figure that does not reflect the strength and skill of the Continental squad. Hamilton's schedule was extremely rigorous, yet they were not outclassed by any team that they faced. Of the 16 losses, nine were by margins of two goals or less with four one-goal losses and two overtime defeats.

With the end of the season, the fine careers of Dan Capone, Mike Davicino, Pete Smith, and Dave Lahey come to an end. All four will be sorely missed next year. However, in the closing games, a young line served notice that it may be capable of filling the gap left by the departing seniors. Freshman Paul Falvey, Bryan Garvin, and Phil Hills accounted for 3 goals and three assists against Bowdoin, with Falvey scoring his first career goal and Garvin his first two. This line should be very productive in the future.

In addition to a nucleus of strong returning players, coach Greg Batt is hoping for a bumper crop of recruits. According to Batt over twenty "Blue Chip" skaters have applied for admission along with dozens of other potential varsity competitors. Next year's success will depend on the ability of Hamilton to remain injury free and in finding a goalie to replace the departing Mike Davicino. But most importantly, the Continentals wil have to find a way to come out on top of the close games.



Charlie Robinson grabs a rebound **Feltelson**

Hoop finishes third in nation

by Larry Goldfarb

One of the largest squads of graduating-senior basketball players handed coach Tom Murphy a sweet going-away present Saturday night, an 89-69 victory over Nazareth College in the fieldhouse. The game, referred to as "Senior Night," marked the final regular season contest for six seniors including the entire starting five.

The game itself was characteristic of past Hamilton efforts. The Continentals traded baskets with Nazareth in the opening half, ultimately taking a seven-point lead into the locker room. Hamilton came out storming in the second session and dominated the opponent. The team went on a 15-2 spurt early in the half as they buried Nazareth. Senior Bob Kiely was the star of the night as he went 8-11 from the field and finished with 21 points. Kiely, as expected, set the Hamilton record for career assists; he passed Willie Jackson to move to the top of the list. Kiely was also named the ECAC Honor Role for the week. Bill Coen and Larry Kollath added 14 points while Mark Burnham scored 12.

The contest's real drama lay in the fact that it was "Senior Night". During their Hamilton career, the team compiled an 80-21 rcord including three straight twenty-win seasons and two consecutive ECAC Upstate Championships. "This was one of the largest senior classes we have ever had," commented Murphy. "And this was as good of a class as we have ever had." Indeed, Murphy was not mincing his facts. Charles Robinson and Ron Evans are members of the 1000-point club and Bob Kiely has a chance to join that select group. Mark Burnham, Doug Trout and Bill Coen round out the list of graduates.

The Continentals still have at least two games remaining as they will officially host the ECAC Upstate New York Tournament. The dates will probably be March 5-6, though the actual dates will be announced later in the week. This year's tournament figures to be more interesting than those of past years. Hamilton's win over Nazareth combined with the thrashing of St. John Fisher last Tuesday night moved Hamilton into the third spot in the national polls behind Scranton and Roanoke. It is entirely conceivable that the Continentals will be ranked one or two when the tournament rolls around. Second, aside from Hamilton, there is a lot of mediocrity in Division III this year. "The four teams that are being considered for the NCAA tournament," said Murphy, "we have defeated by more than 15 points."

So there figures to be a balanced but weaker tournament facing the highly-racing Continentals. Murphy went on to comment on the overall quality of this team. "We were able to field our regular line-up just once during the season," said Murphy referring to the fact that Charlie Robinson missed nine games, Evans six, and Hayden eleven. "We had our share of injuries but depth has been an important part of our team." Murphy continued, "With all the injuries, these guys played with a lot of character. When they got hurt, the others played a little harder and did a good job." The only time Hamilton fielded its regular squad was in its 98-80 thrashing of Scranton.

Conts win last two; denied State bid

by Eric Ebbert

The women's basketball team closed its season by winning two of their last three games; however, the season ended on a sour note as the Continentals were inexplicitly denied a bid to the New York State Championships.

On February 18, the team travelled to Manhattanville to face one of the toughest challenges all year. Although they lost 69-65, the Continentals played the consistantly top-five-ranked Manhattanville evenly throughout the game. The difference in the scoring came at the foul line as Manhattanville scored 19 points from the charity stripe. Mary Sheehan (14 pts.) and Joan Randolph kept Hamilton close in the first period with 12 and 8 points respectively.

Though Hamilton outscored Manhattanville in the second period, they could not make up the 5 point gap. Kim Swank's 10 points and Monica Durr's 7 points brought the Continentals close, but Manhattanville managed to hold on to a hard-earned victory.

The Continentals got back on the winning track as they defeated SUNY Purchase 76-41. Again it was Ellen Bossert (17 pts., 9 rbs.) leading the Hamilton attack. Co-captain Jan McTiernan (14 pts., 9 rbs.), Resa Alvord (9 pts., 9 rbs.) and Sue Kusion (10 pts.) turned in fine performances.

Hamilton closed the season on the road at RPI, destroying the Lady Engineers 100-55. Playing in their final game, all the seniors turned in stellar performances. Kim Swank tossed in 13 points, with Mary Sheehan and Jan McTiernan each adding 14 more; McTiernan also led the squad with 9 rebounds. But it was Julie Chanatry, playing in her first game since her injury, who led all scorers with 18 points, including the 100th, and last, point of the game. As for their first 100-point game of the season, Savitz remarked: "We scored a hundred points a couple of times last year, but hadn't done it this year. I think it was important to them — it really didn't matter to me. In fact, I stopped calling defenses with a couple of minutes left in the game. I just wanted the kids to have fun in their last game."

However, Coach Savitz was a "little disappointed" about the denied Championship bid. The oversight was especially difficult for the seniors. Julie Chanatry, who was unable to play in three of the last four games of the season, ended a brilliant career 33 points from becoming the first woman in Hamilton basketball history to reach 1000 career points. If the Continentals were allowed in the tournament she easily would have passed this total.

How the Continentals were denied a championship bid is a mystery. Bids were supposed to be given out on the basis of a team's record and the quality of their schedule. The Continentals' record of 13-6 is not indicative of how well they played all season. Of the top five seeds in the Championship Tournament, Hamilton faced three, winning one (Hartwick) and losing the other two by four points each (St. Lawerence, Manhattanville). Furthermore, how could the Tournament committee ignore a team that was ranked first in team defense in the entire nation? (*NCAA News* Feb. 16) Well, somehow they did.

Sportlights: Lahey and Smith

by Eddie Fargis

As Hamilton defeated Union Tuesday night, the hockey careers of Dave Lahey and Pete Smith came to a close. As co-captains, this duo has provided leadership to the Continental squad throughout the year both on and off the ice. The two belong to an elite group of students who have established themselves as outstanding athletes while distinguishing themselves in academic pursuits as well.

Dave Lahey **Menell**

Lahey, an economics major, is from Nepean, Ontario. It is no coincidence that juniors Mike Marta and John Kokonis are also from this area since Lahey played a key role in attracting the pair to Hamilton to play hockey. What attracted Lahey himself to Hamilton was the school's impressive academic reputation and its size. He also asserts that coach Greg Batt made a great impression on him from the beginning. According to Lahey, Batt is "a great gentleman" and "The Dean of College Hockey in the East."

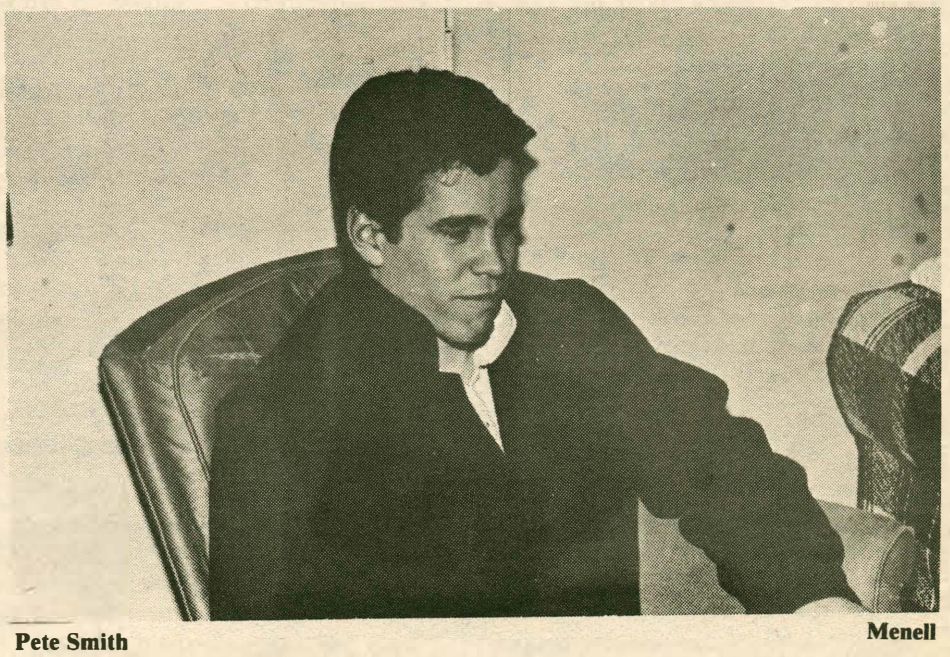
On the ice, Lahey's main assets are his intensity and versatility. Throughout his career at Hamilton, he has been shifted from defense to left wing and back to defense several times. Of course, this juggling has affected his scoring production but Lahey epitomized the concept of team play while still managing to score 77 points in his four years on the Hill.

After Hamilton, Dave plans to go into international banking either in New York or Canada. His experience working as an intern for Senator Ted Kennedy in Washington should help him tremendously in his pursuits. A career in hockey is doubtful although Dave's younger brother Pat was recently drafted by the Detroit Red Wings.

The other captain, Pete Smith, is from Falmouth, Massachusetts. Smith, a government major, also spent a semester in Washington and, like Lahey, is highly respected by his teammates because of his excellent leadership qualities. Smith was also attracted by the academic rigors of Hamilton and hopes to follow a career with a political interest group or in public relations.

The 1982-83 season has undoubtedly been Smith's best year. In addition to being one of the team's most improved players offensively, he has proven himself to be the team's best penalty killer and has been praised by rival coaches as "one of the best penalty killers in the league." His penalty killing made him the defensive star of the Union game as he repeatedly stifled the opponent's power play. Smith, who sometimes plays the role of enforcer, is known for his willingness to battle in the corners and his remarkable aggressiveness. He completes his career with 25 goals and 20 assists.

Both Smith and Lahey have repeatedly stressed their gratitude and appreciation of the Hamilton fans. Smith claims that having a crowd in Sage Rink is like having "an extra skater on the ice." Lahey goes on to state that "Hamilton fans are worth one or two goals a game." Continental fans will certainly miss the fine play and winning attitudes of Pete Smith and Dave Lahey, but if players of their caliber continue to come to Hamilton, the fans in Sage will have plenty to cheer about.



Pete Smith **Menell**

Hockey takes 2 of 3; ends season tomorrow

continued from page 15

score at 10-1.'

Hamilton's trip to Middlebury, however, was not as successful as their past performances as they lost a heartbreaker 3-2 in sudden death overtime. Unlike their last four games, the Continentals never gained control of the game. Fortunately for Hamilton, Maria Zizzi was able to tip one in past an unsuspecting Middlebury goalie in the closing seconds of the first period to tie the score at 1-1.

Though being outshot in the second period 10-7, an aggressive Hamilton squad managed to stay even with Middlebury. With less than a minute remaining Mickie Eychner came up with a beautiful wrist shot that breezed by the goaltender's right side.

In the third period, play was contained at center ice as both teams were held scoreless. Unfortunately for Hamilton, with seconds left in the game the Berries were called for their second penalty of the night. Starting off the overtime period one person down worked directly against Hamilton as Middlebury scored less than a minute left in the second period on a screened shot from the high slot.

With dampened spirits, the women travelled to RPI the next afternoon. Kate Thomes began the scoring for Hamilton in the opening minutes off a blistering slapshot from senior defensewoman Claire Baecher. RPI retaliated with two unanswered goals. Stunned by this outburst, the Continental first line retalliated with three goals, the first of which was scored seconds into the shift from a face-off deep in RPI's defensive zone. Eychner controlled the draw and fired the puch past the hapless goaltender.

Linemate Thomes answered Eychner's challenge with another quick goal on a beautiful pass from Lee Dillenbeck. Seconds later Thomes returned the favor as, amidst scrapping in front of the net, Dillenbeck managed to poke the puck past a defenseless goaltender.

Both teams seemed to have problems converting shots in goals during the second period. Then, midway through the second period, Maria Zizzi tipped in a powerful slapshot from freshwoman Pam Goldman as Hamilton took a 5-2 lead over the Engineers.

Though the Engineers brought the score to 5-4. Hamilton's Lee Dillenbeck scored the last goal of the game off a face-off deep in the RPI defensive end with only 48 seconds left.

Now 9-3, the Continentals are looking towards an 11-3 record. They face-off against Colgate at Colgate tonight and will meet Ithaca at Sage Rink for their final performance tomorrow at 5 pm.

Women excel in track

by Mike Brown

When it rains it pours, and this is the case for this year's men's track team. But the womens' team has been, in the words of Gene Long "super." On February 13, while the women gained a first time ever win over Binghamton, the men came out at the bottom in a four team meet. Thus, while this may be a super year for the women, it will be a rebuilding one for the men.

In the four-team meet, the men's track team faced Cortland, Binghamton, and Ithaca. They were shut out in ten events. Nevertheless, there were some notable achievements. In the long jump Aeon Cummings took second place with a jump of 5.92 meters. In the 1500 meter race Peter Tortolani finished fourth with a time of 4:08.23. In the 55 meter hurdles Bernie Scezzafara saved some face for the men as he finished first with a new Hamilton Fieldhouse record of 8.1 seconds. In the 500 meter race Jeff Pollock also helped save some lasting grace for the team as he finished third in 1:08.6, a time which qualified him for States. In the 300 meter Kevin Gagnon ran 37.4 to gain a fourth place finish. Finally, Hamilton's 1600 meter relay team continued to show their strength by finishing second with a time of 3:34.6.

The women, however, had a super day as several records were broken. Pam Culver was the star of the day as she ran 9.4 for the 55 high hurdles. In doing so she broke the Hamilton College and Hamilton Fieldhouse records. In addition her shot put throw of 11.90 tied the Fieldhouse record, qualified her for the state meet and missed gaining her an entrance into the national championship by only four inches. Courtney Brown set a new Hamilton College record in the long jump with a leap of 4.88 meters. In addition, Courtney, whom Coach Long calls a talented and gifted athlete, took 2 seconds off the old Hamilton College 55 meter dash record. In doing so she qualified for the states. Linda Doyle also set a new Hamilton College record with a triple jump of 9.36 meters. Lisa McGann broke the Hamilton College 400 meter record by more than three seconds, clocking 64.2. Patti Myers also broke a Hamilton College record. She did it in the 500 meters, finishing in 128.9. Pam Fanning in her first meet after returning from Germany ran 11:05.4 for the three thousand meters, thus qualifying herself for the state meet. Lauri Richardson qualified herself for the EAIAW meet in the shot putt. Finally, the Hamilton women's 1600 meter relay team showed its strength by running a good time of 4:44.2.

The women's team travelled to Rochester for the fourth annual Rochester Women's Invitational. This meet was an opportunity for the women's team to face good competition. The squad showed its strong depth by placing well in several events.

Although the team was without the services of its best 3000 meter runner, Martha Perkins, a number of other individuals were able to fill in the gap. Chris Culver continued her shining season by winning the shot with a throw of 11.32 meters. Later she finished fifth in the 40 meter high hurdles with a time of 6.8 seconds. Two other runners on the women's team captured sixth place finishes — Cindy Pensock in the 1000 with a time of 3.27.2 and Pati Meyer in the 500 with a 1.30.8. Finally the Hamilton distance medley relay squad gave a strong performance as it took second place.

Coach Gene Long is pleased with the results of the women's team this year. He obviously has reason to be. In his own words, "The improvement of women's track here at Hamilton in the last few years has been phenomenal." The story for the men is different, however. With the loss of their best high-jumper, Peter Sheehan, and viruses affecting many members of the team, the outlook is not good. For the men it could be a long way to May.

Letters

Simon says: Get your facts straight

To the Editor:

As a member of the Pre-Law Committee, I was interested in Nathan Letts' comment that "only five of about fifty law school applicants are female, a whopping ten percent." (*The Spectator*, Feb. 18) There are grounds for concern about any discrepancy that exists in the proportion of male to female students that apply to law school. However, it would be most unfortunate if premature conclusions were drawn from incorrect statistics, the very significance of which is open to diverse interpretation.

As of this moment, the Pre-Law Committee has not yet determined how many current students are applying to law school. While rough data is presently available as to how many students have taken the LSAT examination, not all who take the LSAT actually apply to law schools during their senior year. Thus, it appears that at least thirteen current senior women have taken the LSAT, and at least seven have applied to law school. While it is possible that as many as fifty current seniors have applied, as Mr. Letts suggests, usually 35 to 40 seniors apply in a given year. It is also important to keep in mind that on the national level, women tend to apply to law school somewhat later than do men. Thus, I know personally of five women who have already graduated from Hamilton who have taken the LSAT this year. In addition, at least some of those women who took the LSAT but are no longer interested in attending law school, are applying to graduate schools in other disciplines. Still others may have good reasons of their own, having nothing to do with Hamilton College, for deciding not to pursue a career in law. What all this suggests is that the complexities are greater than Mr. Letts' comment indicates.

This does not mean that concern is unwarranted. Indeed, members of the Pre-Law Committee have become increasingly concerned about the ratio at Hamilton of female to male applicants to law school. The Committee welcomes suggestions as to how institutional support for students considering careers in law might be improved. One suggestion we already have received and which I expect to follow is that we gather data on the ratio of male and female law school applicants in comparable institutions to find out if there are significant differences between our record and that of similar colleges.

However, while Mr. Letts' has commented on a question that needs to be addressed, discussion is unlikely to be either helpful or illuminating unless based on accurate data which has been properly interpreted.

Sincerely,
Robert Simon
Pre-Law Committee

Letts: Get your stats straight

To the Editor:

We were very disappointed in Nathan Letts' article concerning "Racism, Sexism and Hamilton" which adorned a good portion of your Op-Ed page last week. Aside from making inadequately substantiated accusations, the tone of his article, which seems to imply that there is an overwhelmingly racist and sexist attitude prevalent at Hamilton, is both counter-productive and offensive.

His entire case revolves around two vaguely supported accusations. First of all, the fact that only 10 percent of law school applicants from Hamilton were female seems to support Mr. Letts' argument. However, further information is necessary before sexism can be implied. Is this percentage comparable to national statistics? If not, is this problem unique to Hamilton? Secondly, the statistic that only 4 percent of Hamilton students are black seems incriminating. What Mr. Letts fails to mention is the percentage of applicants to Hamilton who were black and again how this number compares with other colleges.

If these statistics, in reality, support his point of view then so be it, Hamilton has a problem. Mr. Letts should, at least, have given your readers the benefit of the doubt by presenting this vital information. True, racism and sexism are problems that have to be dealt with but a more constructive argument based on facts and not innuendos would be more helpful.

Sibtain Malik '86
Robert Majteles '86

ABC House extends its kudos to **Nobody**

To the Editor:

On behalf of the ABC House, its board members, tutors, friends, and ourselves, the resident directors, "Bravo" to the cast and production staff of *The Me Nobody Knows*. A special thank you also to Marty Williams, its director, for taking on such a venture.

One can only imagine the time and effort that went into last week's performance. From beginning to end the audience was captivated with your excellence.

We are very honored to be the recipient of such a beautifully executed endeavor.

Our warmest thanks,
The Clinton ABC Program

When you need me, I'll be there

To the Editor:

I have often times opened the weekly edition of the Hamilton *Spectator* to be bombarded with letters to the editor complaining of lack of community spirit, of increase in apathy, and of general disinterest. I have often agreed with these letters but something happened to me this week that changed my mind. During my walk home from a cocktail party at Psi-U I lost my engagement ring. The realization of my carelessness nearly broke my heart but something happened here on this Hill that kept my spirits up and made me view this community in a different light. News of my loss swept this campus as any news does but the reaction was astounding. Within hours of my posting signs, people were walking with their heads down, eyes glued to the sidewalk for a glimpse of silver. More than that I had everyone expressing their concern and their sincere hope that I would find my ring. These people were not only individuals that I knew well but ones with whom I was barely acquainted. The time, effort, concern, and kindness of all these people has not gone unnoticed, and to those people who are feeling that Hamilton is a well of apathy, take hope, because I now know that this is untrue. When you need help the community of Hamilton College is there.

This letter is a thank-you to everyone but especially to my fiancee Randy, my dear friends Janet, Lori, Vicki, Cherge and Natasha, and to all the brothers of Psi-Upsillon. Although my ring is still gone the memory of your understanding, support, and effort will always be remembered.

Laurie Shaffer '83

Be aware of sexist imagery in language

To the Editor:

I would like to respond to King Wiemann's letter to *The Spectator* (2/18/83) concerning sexist language.

I agree with Wiemann that historically women "were second class citizens," but as much of the recent work in Women's History has shown, women have played a significant role throughout the development of our civilization. So, I believe Theresa Roberts is not interested in changing the history, but perhaps in including women's experience along with the standard male experience. Even though history texts describe sexually biased societies, no reason exists to use exclusive language in such texts. Wiemann claims that the facts are undeniable: traditionally women have been excluded from much of society. But many women studying male history, male literature, etc. actually feel personally excluded in the classroom. Thus, exclusive language in our texts and classrooms perpetuates the historical exclusion of women in the lives of female students.

I agree that language reflects society, but it also *affects* society. Language must change simultaneously along with our general change in attitudes, not after such change has occured. Exclusive language both creates and sustains sexism. Sexist word choice (such as the generic use of "he" and "mankind") helps to create attitudes and prejudices because we constantly speak of males and only occasionally of females. Unless we understand the subtleties of exclusively male language, subordination of women will perpetuate through the male-oriented images which lurk beneath exclusive language. So as women work towards equality, language must evolve to describe women, as well as men.

Of course professors cannot force sexually biased students to change. However, they can encourage students to use inclusive language and thereby create an awareness of the problems of both biased language and sexist attitudes. And although "he or she" and "humankind" sound awkward until the ear becomes accustomed to them, this slight inconvenience is well worth the resulting clarity.

Educating people to raise their levels of awareness about the sexist innuendoes and masculine imagery produced by language and a concentrated effort to change exclusive terms — along with a concerted effort to change attitudes and prejudices — will help to advance women into a place of equality.

Cindy Maybeck '83

Getchell: Class of hard knocks

It has been quite some time since my adrenalin was stirred to a point where I felt it necessary to take pen in hand and speak up.

In fact, it has been so long since I've written anything, I should point out that some of my pet peeves were fire alarm system vandalism, academic morality and Golden Rule obliteration.

Now don't get me wrong! When I say overcome inertia, I don't mean run out and demo a couple of smoke detectors, or make a note to lessen the class load next semester so you can socialize more or play a practical joke on your roomy that you wouldn't really want played on you. Not at all.

The idea behind heading this up as I did has to do with a couple of phone calls I received and the realization that someone had actually missed my writing. There were numerous times when I felt I really should put something together just to keep my hand in, but. . .

Many people scoff and poke fun at their little college newspaper, but many more as well as many, many more alumni enjoy and benefit from the efforts of a student staff.

I am positive there are a couple hundred people on the hill that have much more to contribute than I, and can do so more meaningfully as well as interestingly.

Hence, finally, my thought for the day; overcome that inertia about writing something, about anything, and join the all too thin ranks of contributors — at least try!

H. Henry Getchell

BLSU invites you to King seminar

To the Hamilton Campus:

The Black and Latin Student Union and The Root-Jessup Public Affairs Council would like to cordially invite you to the Race-Awareness Seminar on February 26, 1983, at 1:00 pm in the Dwight Lounge.

The Seminar will be conducted by the renowned Charles H. King, Jr., who is the founder and President of the Urban Crisis Center of Atlanta, Georgia. He is a former staff member of the President's Commisssion on Civil Disorders; Chairman, International Association of Human Rights Agencies; Director, Civil Rights Commission, Gary, Indiana; and Professor of Black History, Wittenburg University. Through his innovative efforts Mr. King hopes to bridge the gulf between blacks and whites in his awareness seminars. The key to his seminars is understanding. Once whites and blacks come to an understanding of each other, then racism can be dealt with.

The time has come for the Hamilton College campus to stop intellectualizing, and thus avoiding the problem of racism. Racism exists on this campus, and something must be done about it. If you care at all this problem and even if you do not, come to the Racism Seminar. It will be an unforgettable experience.

We look forward to seeing you on the 26th.

Cassandra Smith '84
Co-Minister of Cultural Affairs
Black and Latin Student Union

Editorial

Money and weapons: Do they mix?

On September 8, 1982, President Ronald Reagan signed the 1983 Defense Authorization Act — a bill that requires males subject to draft registration (men who are at least 18 years old, who were born after December 31, 1959 and who are not currently on active duty with the armed forces) to have registered for the draft, before Title IV student assistance can be received.

This particular assistance includes National Direct and Guaranteed Student Loans, Pell Grants, Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants, State Student Incentive Grants, and College work-study. The effective date of the law is July 1, 1983.

On January 27, the Education Department published the rules to administer the amendment: to apply for aid, students must file a document certifying draft status with his college.

The proposed law (one must realize that this bill will be fought and may never become effective) discriminates against two groups: men (since women do not register) and, low-income students (who would be forced to register simply to be able to attend school).

It also appears at first glance that this bill may be unconstitutional. The bill violates a number of important American principles including freedom of privacy and the right ot civil disobedience.

Basically, this legislation is unjust; it's an outrage. The richer ones can afford to stand up for their rights and pay the full cost of school, while the poorer ones are forced to go against their principles to continue in school.

Hamilton College should implement two policies — one, to publicly express outrage concerning this unfair bill and two, to follow the example of Yale University. This school has told its students that it will give loans (at commercial rates) to those students who would ordinarily receive federal aid but are denied this right by the new law.

Hamilton should stand up for its students' rights and opinions by protesting the law and making loans available. After all we do have our principles.

Op-Ed

No Muse is good Muse

Jeff Roniger

I write satire. I also toy with poetry and comic verse. Well, I don't toy, I kind of tinker. Anyway, there were these nine Muses (No, this is not a variation on the joke you just heard about the Jew, the Pole, and the Italian who meet at heaven's gates. Pay attention), mythological goddesses of the arts whom other great writers (not to be confused with myself) would call upon for inspiration. Their names (the names of the Muses, not of the writers. You would have known that if you had paid attention) were Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene (Right, that's where you heard that name before), Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, and Urania. Mine is called Laura Cohen. Well, at least that's what she asserts. I believe her about her name. It's the other thing I find a trifle inconceivable.

I was in the laundromat of the Campus Center checking my sweat socks for static cling when Laura sashayed in.

"I'm your Muse," she shouted over the din of the crippled washer.

"Sorry, I didn't take French," I said, not believing I heard what I believed I had heard.

"I said, 'I'm your Muse.' " She had obviously been to Chi Psi or some place like that. She was feeling no pain. She was almost anesthetic.

"Look, I don't believe in Muses. Invocation of a Muse in poetry is just a paganistic rite."

"Oh yeah? Then why did Milton use the convention in his decidedly monotheistic *Paradise Lost*?"

"Poor proofreading," I observed.

"No. I really am a Muse. I once helped the Greek poet Epididymis write a nautical ballad about seamen."

"Next you'll tell me that it made a *vas defens* in his work. If you're my Muse, then where were you when I was writing that satirical piece about corruption in the office of the President of the College?"

"When did you do it?"

"The week of January 4."

"I was painting my nails," recalled the plastered "princess."

"All week?"

"Two coats."

"Well, where were you and your precious inspiration when I wrote that poem yesterday afternoon?"

"I was blowing my hair."

"You call painted nails and blow dried hair 'inspiration'?"

"You should have seen how inspired my date was last night."

"Surely, you know where I got that inspiration for that article on marijuana? And do you realize that you're not the first girl to put ideas into my head? Anyhow, you can't be a Muse. Muses live on the Aonian Mount. *You* live in the same dorm as I do."

"Well, I would have lived on the Aonian Mount but the climb would ruin my nails. May I continue?"

"Oh, by all means. Please do it outside."

"It's not easy to be a Muse. The other day I was sipping cocoa with a few nyads and one of them almost spilled hers on me."

"I guess that would have made you a chocolate Muse. Ha, ha."

"And you still wonder about outside help with your humor?"

"Isn't helping another with written work against this college's honor code?"

"Listen. If you don't tell on me, I won't tell the humor magazine that you self-plagiarized a piece from your high school paper."

"Don't make any deals with me," I said. "I know what you're after. When I'm rich and famous, a good two months from now, you'll want your name on the copyrights and a share of the realties."

"You mean 'royalties'."

"Trust a 'princess' to think about royalty. You can't fool me, Laura. I took Critical Reasoning. There were only nine Muses in mythology. And *you* weren't one of them."

"You see, many years ago there was an artistic 'explosion,' " explained Laura. "There were artists, poets, musicians, humorists popping up all over the place. The Sisters had no choice but to open branch offices."

"Question: What does ambrosia taste like?"

"I don't know. I shun it for Haagen-Daz and Perrier."

"If you're a Muse, what's iambic pentameter?"

"You're asking me?"

"No. I'm asking William Shakespeare."

"Listen, I only handle the inspiration. You writers handle the technical stuff. It's, like, too deep for me. I used to like the technical stuff but I can no longer get into it."

"Like last week's jeans?" I was quite the wit that day. "Who decides who gets a Muse?"

"The New York State Lottery Commission. Would you like to take a chance with New York's Numbers?"

"No thanks. I used to do that on the subway. You probably don't have any proof that you're a Muse."

To answer that charge she unzipped her sweat shirt and exposed a T-shirt that stated "Muse Union Local #117."

"Nothing fits me like my Union T."

"As substantial as that evidence is, do you have any other proof?"

She suddenly turned around and gave me an indigo cotton denim "moon." "What's on my back pocket?" she asked, obviously proud of the view.

There was nothing on her back pocket. "Did you ever see a 'princess' who wasn't wearing 'designers'?"

"You're right. Clothes make the maniac."

"Look, I'm not asking for much. All you have to do is ask for my help like the other writers did. It's easy. A poet would remind a Muse of her virtues, or how her dearest nymph would play, or how her favorite spot looked in the sunset, or how the check was in the mail. You're lucky you get my services for free."

"What am I supposed to do? Start every piece with a description of the beauty salon or of a bunch of coquettes watching General Hospital?"

"You forgot about my virtues."

"You *do* keep your distance."

She took the hint, turned upon a six inch heel, and left me to my laundry.

"Oh goddess, who Proctored and Gambled in the dishwashing liquid, who whitened the whites of our forefathers within the fabled Maytag, bestow upon my iron deficient person the strength to soften my clothes in the dryer," thus sang the uncouth swain to the rinse cycle as he continued to check his B.V.D.'s for lint.

The Hamilton College Spectator
Clinton, New York 13323

David Davis, editor-in-chief
Bill Dentzer, managing editor
Jim Furman, senior editor
Eric Cooperstein, assistant managing editor
Caroline Nieuwenhuis, news editor
Robert Simon, features editor
Miranda Kolbe, op-ed editor
James Ferrara, arts editor
Eric Ebbert, sports editor
Andy Coates, special section editor

Meg Reilly, events editor
Mark McNell, photography editor
Chris Trutsui, photography editor
Karen MacFarland, copy editor
Jamie Donahoe, copy editor
Michael Knoerzer, business manager
Stephen Graham, advertising manager
Martha Appenzeller, circulation manager
Miranda Kolbe, typesetting manager
photography staff: **Heather Horak, Todd Feitelson, Joan Spindel**

art and production staff: **Meg Reilly, Karen MacFarland, Caroline Nieuwenhuis, Jamie Donahoe, Grace Caner, Joan Spindel**
advertising staff: **Pam Stegeman, Dee Dyer**
typesetting staff: **Cynthia Maybeck, Betsy Miller, Heather Atkins, Jan Lindenthal, Kathy Ertsgaard, Bob Lazzaro**
valuable help at night: **Jackie Maloy**

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

The Spectator, a newspaper edited by students, is published weekly while classes are in session by the Publications Board, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York 13323. Second-class postage paid at Clinton, New York 13323. Publication number: USPS 612-840. Subscriptions $10 per year. Offices located in the Bristol Campus Center, Hamilton College. Phone (315) 859-7101, or x4911 on campus.

Events

Friday, February 25

- Men's Swimming State Meet at Rochester.
- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel. 12 noon.
- Men's and Women's Winter Track vs. Colgate, Rochester, Geneseo, and Bloomsburg. Home. 2 pm.
- Women's Ice Hockey at Colgate. 7:30 pm.
- *From Russia With Love.* KJ Aud. 8 and 10 pm.
- An evening of Dance. Barbara Rinaldo, Choreographer. List Dance Studio. 8:30 pm.
- Concert: Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, Sponsored by The Hamilton College Program Board and The Black and Latin Students Union. 8:30 pm.
- *Edvard Munch.* Science Aud. 7:30 & 10:30.

Saturday, February 26

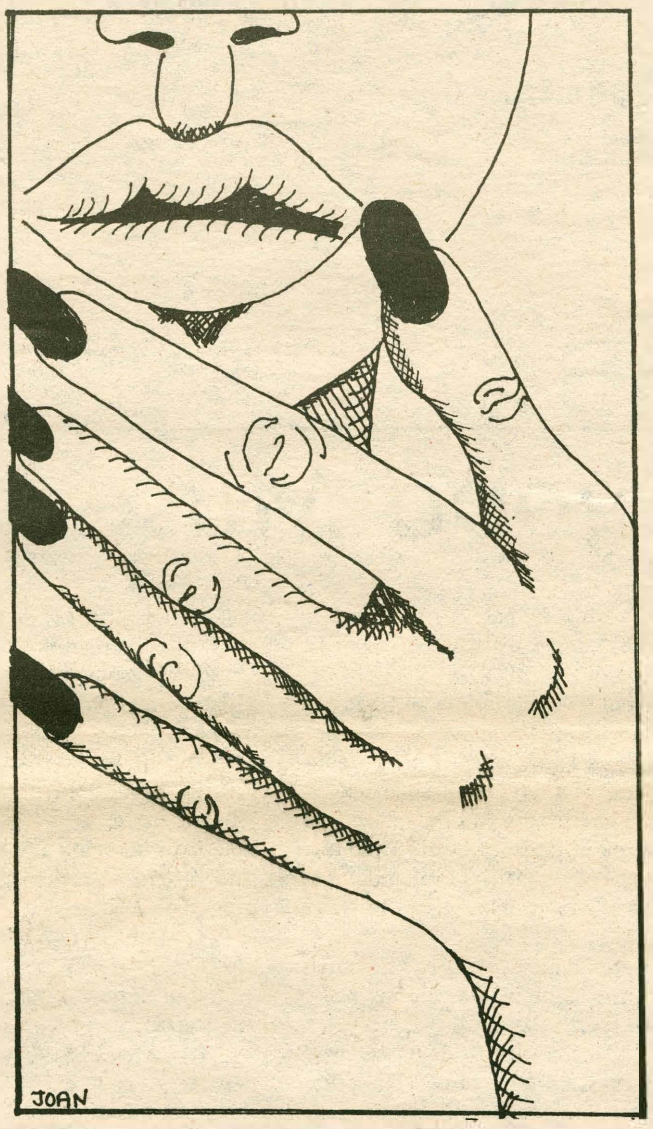
- Men's Swimming State Meet at Rochester.
- Seminar on Racism. Dr. Charles King. Bristol. Campus Center Dwight Lounge. 1 to 6 pm.
- Emerson Gallery Exhibition Opening and Reception with Jazz. John R. Manning: "Works in Progress." Prints by William H. Bartlett and Video Festival. 4 pm.
- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. List Recital Hall. 6:30 pm.
- Purim Service. Bristol Campus Center Dwight Lounge. 7:30 pm.
- *From Russia With Love.* Science Aud. 8 and 10 pm.
- *Edvard Munch.* KJ Aud. 7:30 & 10:30.
- Theater Performance. *Informants* performed by Ray Dooley '75. KJ Red Pit, Room 109. 8 pm.
- An Evening of Dance. Barbara Rinaldo, Choreographer. List Dance Studio. 8:30 pm.

Sunday, February 27

- Chapel Service. Rev. Jeffrey Eaton. Chapel. 10:30 am.
- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel. 1 pm.
- Senior Recital. Steve Valone, oboe. Chapel. 2:30 pm.
- *Women Like Us.* KJ Aud. 3:30 pm.
- *From Russia With Love.* KJ Auditorium. 8 and 10 pm.
- Women's Ice Hockey at Skidmore. 8:30 pm.
- WHCL: Retrospective, 7 pm. In Black America, 7:30 pm.
- *Edvard Munch.* Science Aud. 7:30 & 10:30.

Monday, February 28

- Yoga in Keehn Coop Dorm Lounge. 7 am.
- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel. 12 noon.
- African Film Festival. East Africa: *White Man's Country* and *Kenyatta.* Science Aud. 7 pm.
- WHCL: Hill and Beyond: Stu Hirshfield: A Thinking Computer's Man, 7 pm. *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* 7:30 pm.
- *Women Like Us.* KJ Aud. 3:30 pm.
- Open House at the Hamilton College Observatory (weather permitting). 9 pm.
- Mug Night. Bristol Campus Center HUB.



Tuesday, March 1

- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel. 12 noon.
- Lecture on Witold Lutoslawski and his music, given by Steven Stucky at the Root Art Center Ballroom at 2:30 pm.
- WHCL: Latin American Review, 7 pm. *The Wind in the Willows,* 7:30 pm.
- *Women Like Us.* KJ Aud. 8 pm.
- Classic Russian Film: *Mother.* Science Aud. 7:30 pm.
- Lecture Sponsored by the Latin American Studies Program. A. Diaz-Quinonez, "Jose Marti y los Estados Unidos." BCC Second Floor Lounge. 8:30 pm.
- Concert presented by the Syracuse Society for New Music. Works by Witold Lutowski. Chapel. 8:30 pm.

Wednesday, March 2

- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel. 12 pm.
- Informational meeting for sophomores and juniors interested in the Fall, 1983 Semester in Washington. KJ 109, the Red Pit. 4:30 pm.
- WHCL: Consider the Alternatives, 7 pm. *Lord of the Rings,* 7:30 pm.
- *Women Like Us.* KJ Aud. 8 pm.
- Ways of Being a Woman Seminar. Nancy Roberts, Executive Director, Industry Labor, Education Council. Bundy Dining Hall. 5:30 pm.
- Lenton Film Series presents: *Johnny Got His Gun.* Chem Aud. 8:30 pm.

Thursday, March 3

- Hamilton Board of Trustees Meetings.
- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel, 12 pm.
- WHCL: Forum or Focus, 7 pm. Voices of Freedom, 7:30 pm.
- *The Maltese Falcon.* Science Aud. 8 and 10 pm.
- *Eraserhead.* KJ Aud. 8 and 10 pm.

Friday, March 4

- Hamilton College Board of Trustees Meetings.
- Newman Mass. Father John Croghan. Chapel. 12 noon.
- *The Maltese Falcon.* KJ Aud. 8 and 10 pm.
- *Eraserhead.* Science Aud. 8 and 10 pm.
- *The Producers.* Chem Aud. 8 and 10 pm.

Miscellaneous

- The Committee on Coeducation has prepared a draft of sexual harassment grievance procedure and is putting copies of it on reserve in the Burke Library. We are interested in community reaction. Please send written comments before March 7 to Peter Millet, Chair, Committee on Coeducation, Campus Mail.
- Is Utica Ready for a Certified-Nurse Midwife? This question will be explored at a panel discussion on March 15, 7:30 pm at the YWCA, 1000 Cornelia Street, Utica.
- The Voluntary Action Center is looking for volunteers to fill the following jobs: volunteer retail sales clerks, volunteers to clip articles, volunteer operators, and other jobs. For more information call the Voluntary Action Center at 735-4463.